MAYFAIR

Vol. 23 No.8
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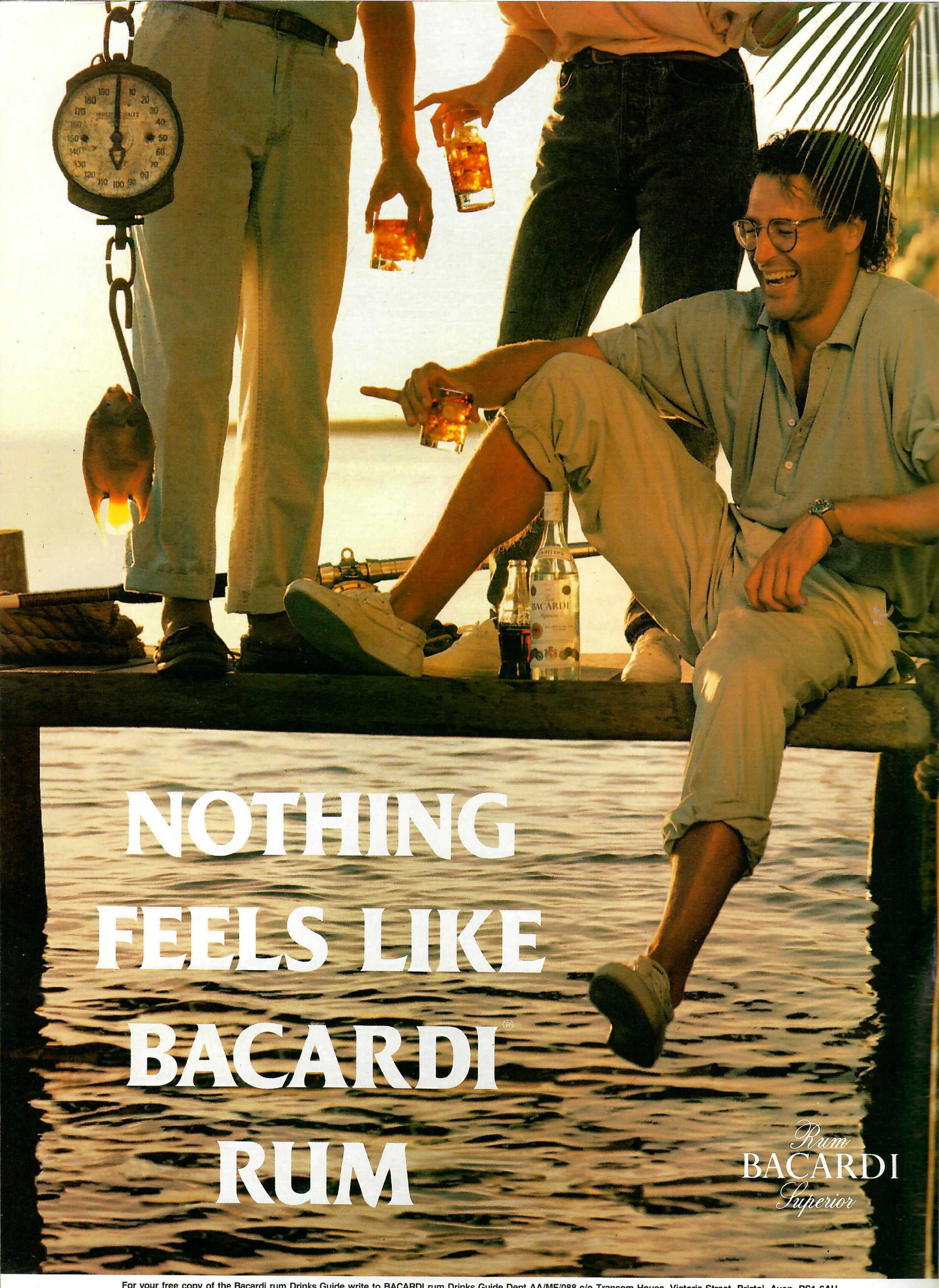
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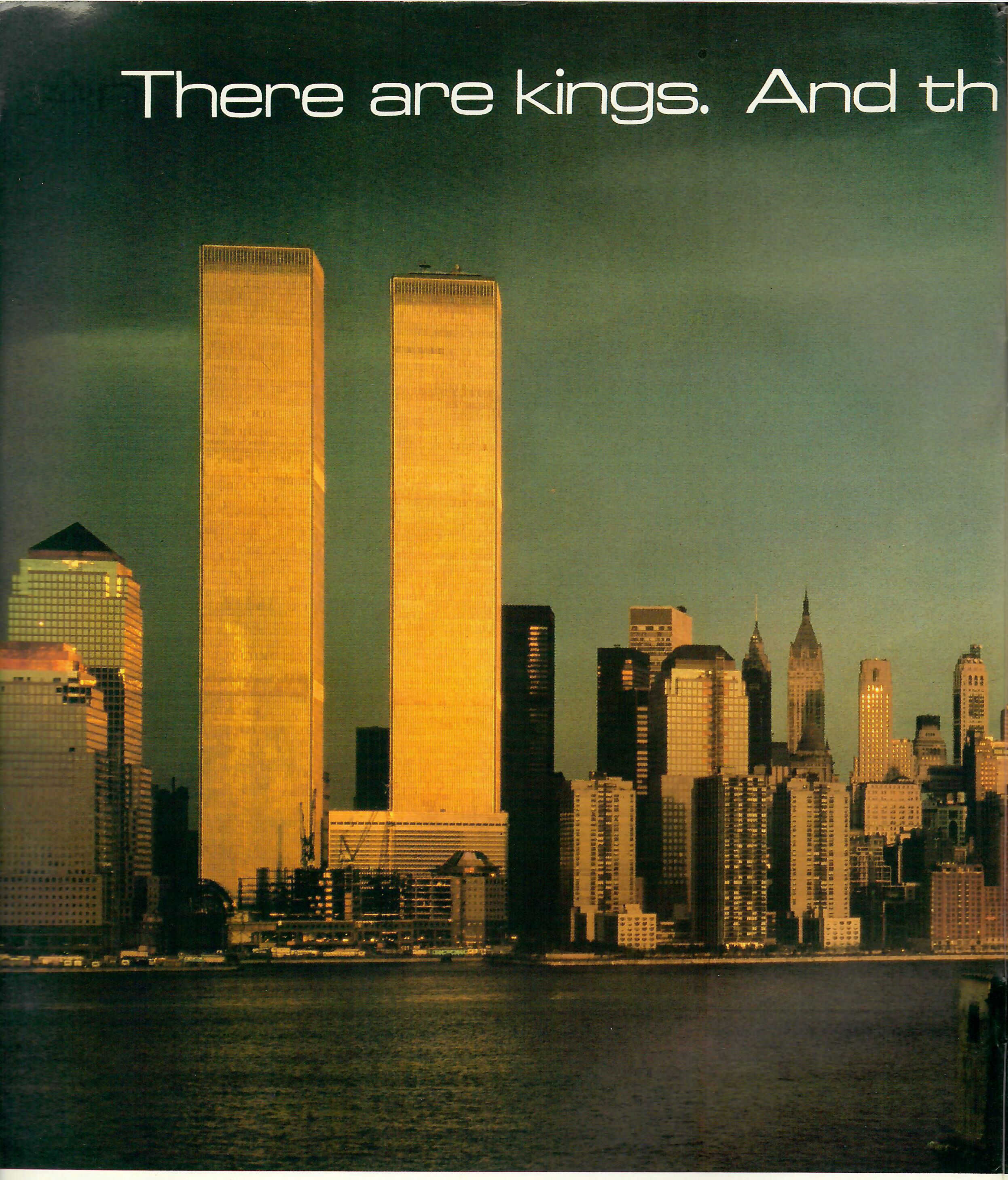
Sultry and stunning, 20-year-old Italian lovely Sabrina is currently storming the top charts with her hit *Boys*. She's as keen to reveal her 38-24-36 figure as she is her vocal talent. Pop's latest princess sheds her bikini top for us **11**

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **John Clement** /Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** /Sub Editor **Nigel Wackett** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/ Editorial Assistants **Fiona Whitty** and **Lisa Oldfield** /Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.



There are kings. And th

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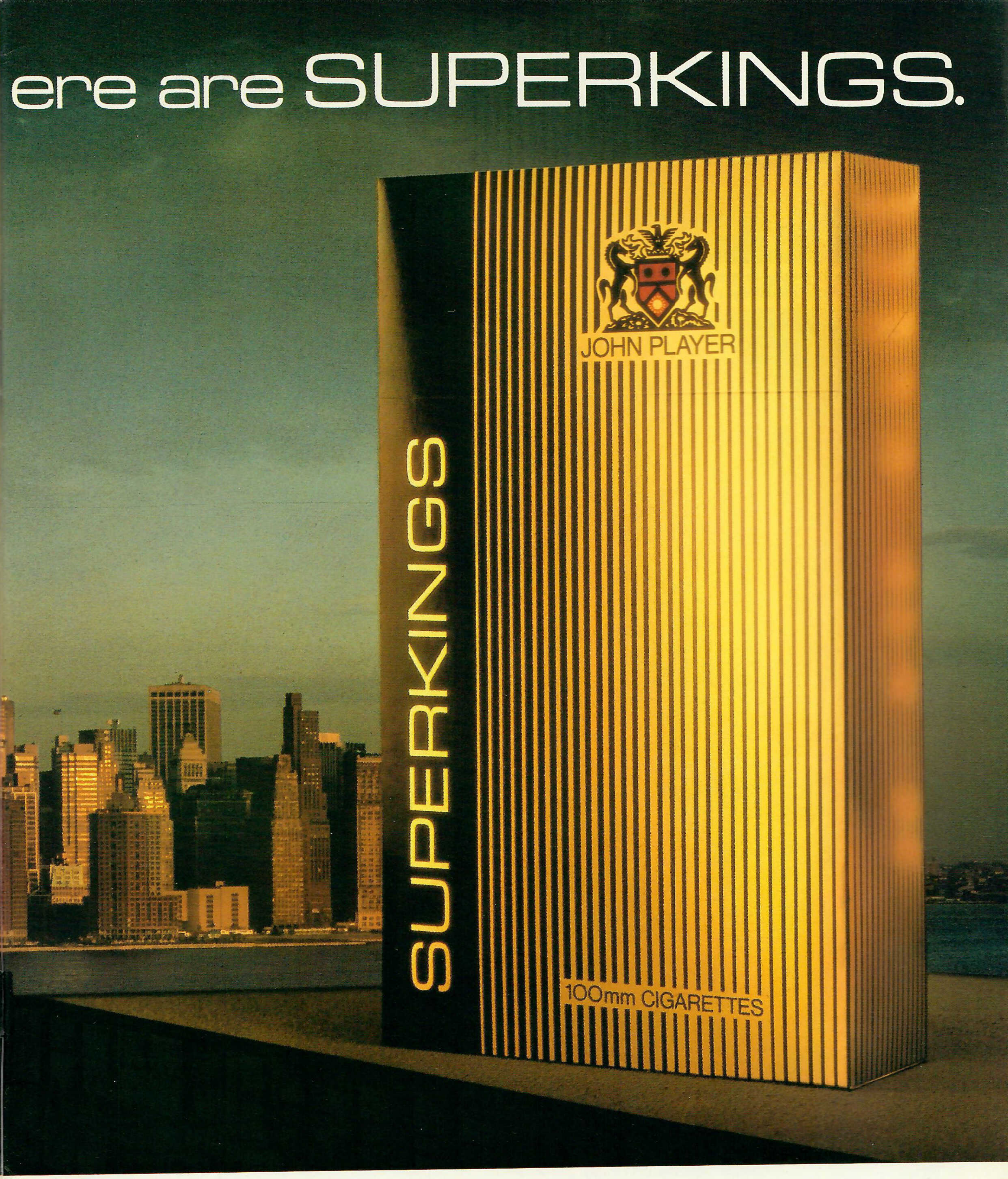
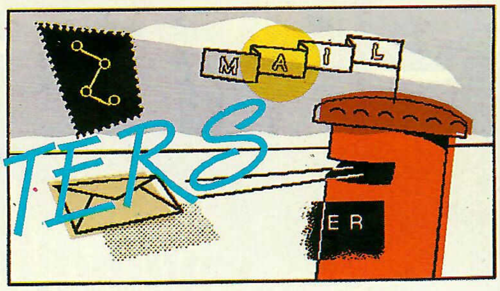
Health Departments'


ere are SUPERKINGS.
JOHN PLAYER
SUPERKINGS
100mm CIGARETTES

As defined by H.M. Government

CH YEAR IN THE UK FROM LUNG CANCER

Chief Medical Officers



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Sexy secrecy

I have been a dedicated *'Mayfair man'* for 10 years now, and recent issues have only served to highlight why it is the number one men's magazine available.

No other magazine so consistently features the girls whom we all dream of seeing, as *Mayfair* does, issue after issue. Only recently, three of my fantasy girls, Debee Ashby, Paula-Ann Bland and the incredible Natalie Banus, have graced your pages, all beautifully presented and photographed. It doesn't matter to me that all of these girls choose not to show us everything. Indeed, it maintains a sexy secrecy, enhancing their beauty, and I feel *Mayfair* should be applauded for pursuing this policy. Anyway, it gives us all something to look forward to when these delectable girls apppear again, as I hope they do. But *Mayfair* isn't just about 'famous' girls, and Dominique Raphael (Vol 23 No 4) was simply magnificent. I look forward to a return from her as soon as possible.

Finally a plea. Please do your utmost to persuade my two favourite blondes, Sandra-Jane Moore and Jenny Blyth to grace your pages. If not nude, like Debee, Paula-Ann and Natalie, they could share a little more of themselves with us and still save their most intimate parts for another visit. I'm sure these two beauties, in the hands of your expert photographers, would provide memorable photosets.

TJ, Stourbridge

In search of Sabrina

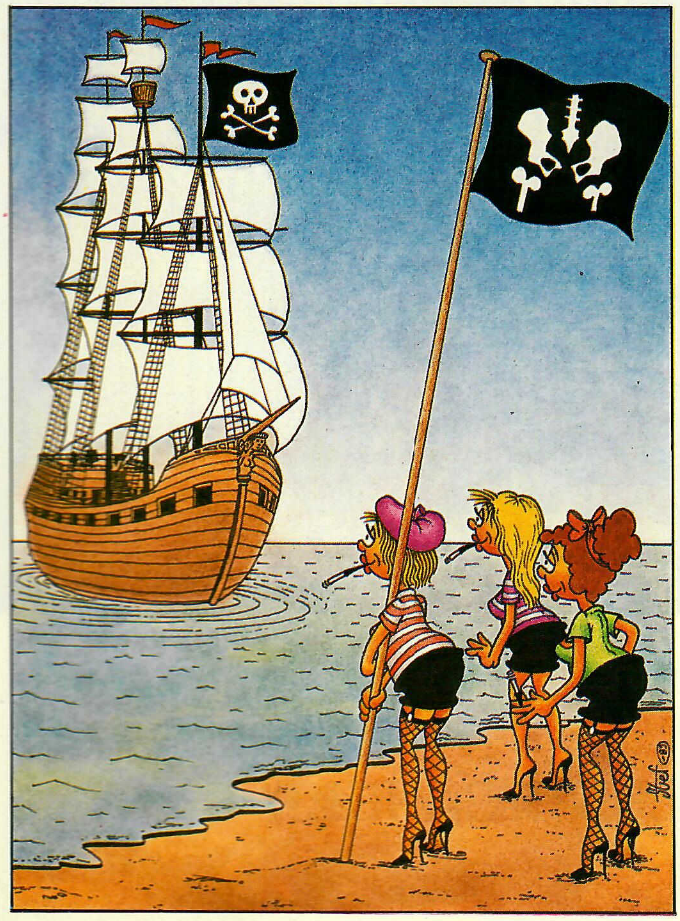
I have been a subscriber to your magazine for a couple of months now. The women have been gorgeous, my favourites being the lovely Brenda van Steenveldt (Vol 23 No 3) and Berenice Outram (Vol 23 No 6), both of whom I would like to see featured again.

I am really mad about the sexy Italian singer Sabrina. I first saw her at the Montreaux Rock Festival, and thought that she looked good. But when I saw her again on the Jonathan Ross show where it showed part of the video of her new song, I fell in love with her. In the video she was only wearing a bikini which showed off her bust admirably. She is an enormous turn on with that sexy figure, gorgeous face, and tremendous boobs.

Please could you reveal her ample assets for us all to see?

S Walker, Redcar

No sooner asked than done.



Up with knickers

Looking back through several months of *Mayfair*, I notice the complete and utter lack of letters published from we Cornish. Do you, in fact, receive any letters from the Delectable Duchy? Perhaps we are a bit shy and all the letters from Cornwall are with 'name and address withheld'.

However — to the point. May I say 'knickers'. Despite being Cornish, I am not shocked, or embarrassed at the photographs in your superb magazine of young ladies showing their bushy triangles. However, I would like to see a lot more of the girls with their knickers on, especially white knickers. Vol 23 No 6 had me pantying and breathless. First off, in *Scene from Mayfair*, we had the selection of shots of white, panty-clad Helene Hunt. Then on to Berenice Outram, again many poses of her flashing her white briefs.

Finally, that glorious set of Felicity Duncan. Could anything be more exciting than the shots on pages 106-108, featuring her practically fully clothed and showing off her gorgeous frilly, white knicks? Her husband's gain is a great loss to *Mayfair* and its readers.

To round off, what I would like to say is 'Up with Knickers', and please let us see more of them.

JB, North Cornwall

Fanny business

As an avid reader of *Mayfair* for many years now I have always considered it the very best and the true leader in its field. *Quest* and Letters are particularly interesting, and I would like to comment on these.

In my view the words we prefer to use to describe intimate parts of the anatomy are chosen at an early age. My own favourite for the female pudenda is definitely 'fanny'. Towards the end of last year 'fanny' appeared in Vol 22 No 9 (the letter entitled 'Uniform request' from RJM, Edinburgh), Vol 22 No 10 ('A stocking tale' from DB, Blackburn), Vol 22 No 11 ('Seduced by *Mayfair*' from PG, Southampton), and finally Vol 22 No 12 ('Sisterly love', name and address withheld).

This year — to date — there has not been a single mention. Is there any special reason? I can only think that with your increasing circulation in the United States, Canada and Australia you have to take care that certain words mean the same to all your readers.

TKT, Birmingham

A fascinating observation. The answer is no, there hasn't been a conscious reason to exclude 'fanny' from the magazine, for reasons of foreign readership or otherwise — in fact we consider it a duty to spread the correct use of some of British English's finest words. On the other hand you've just had four 'fannies' (there goes another one), in the space of 30-odd lines, which can't be bad.

Brief request

More pictures/photographs of girls wearing plain white knickers, please!

An admirer of Mayfair

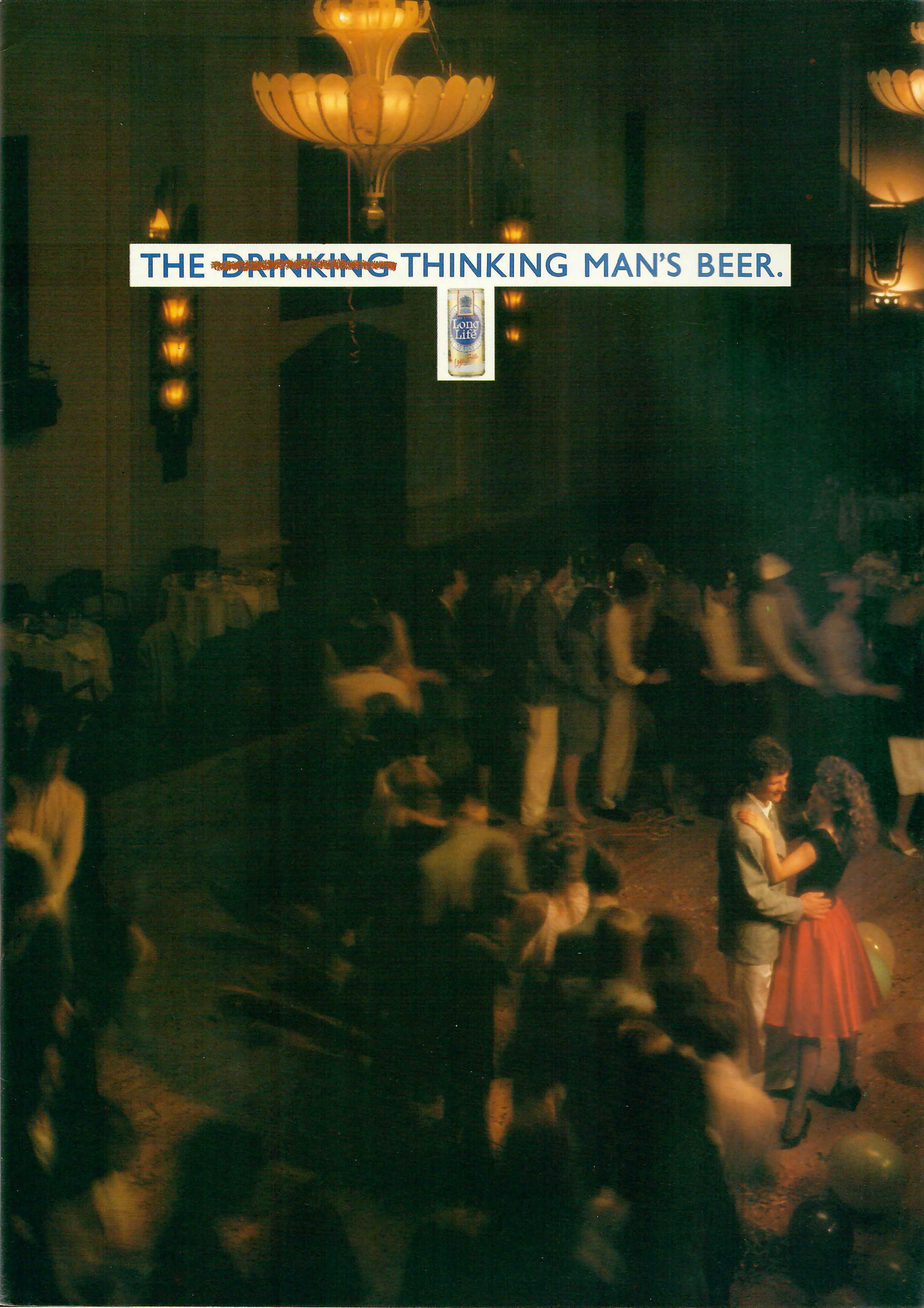
Nathalie on page 68 gets pretty close this time round. We'll keep your request in mind, but our models do have this tendency to shed their knickers as soon as they get in front of a camera.

Blaze of glory

I've always enjoyed sex that has a touch of danger about it, but an experience I had recently was way out even for me. As a young female Canadian reader of your magazine, I thought you might be interested in hearing about it.

It all started when I took a temporary job in a local shoping mall. By afternoon I was usually

turn to page 8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Letters

continued from page 6

getting extremely bored and to relieve my boredom I began to watch the good-looking men who were going by the store. One really gorgeous-looking man seemed to be walking a hundred miles a minute, so I called out to him to slow down. He did, and, after talking with him a while, we exchanged telephone numbers.

He told me his name was Billy, he was a truck driver and he would phone me when he got back from taking a load of timber to Calgary, Alberta.

Several days later Billy phoned me at work and said he had only had a couple of hours to spare before he had to drive to Medicine Hat, Alberta, but he'd really appreciate it if I'd drop by his place for a drink. I told him I'd love to, but I had to finish work first. Then, to my delight, he said it was a pity I couldn't go on his trip with him because he was really keen to get to know me better.

I was in a real quandary until just before I left work, when my boss suddenly announced she wouldn't be needing me for the next few days. I couldn't believe my good luck. It seemed like fate.

When I arrived at Billy's with a packed suitcase his face lit up and I knew I hadn't made a mistake. I'm sure if we hadn't had to get on the road almost straightaway we'd have torn each other's clothes off and made love on the spot. Instead Billy enclosed me in his huge arms and said, 'This will be a ride you'll never forget.' I didn't realise how true his words would be!

In a short while we were squeezed together in Billy's big, comfortable cab, driving through the dangerous Roger's Pass in the Rocky Mountains. I know that driving and sex shouldn't go together, but I just couldn't keep my hands off Billy. I teased him mercilessly, rubbing myself against him, kissing him, stroking him. It wasn't long before he couldn't contain his own desire, either. In fact, it was staring me in the face. I had unzipped Billy's jeans, and his cock was being a perfect gentleman by standing to attention. He then asked me to make love to him while he was driving.

It was a while before I realised he wasn't joking. It was the wildest most insane thing I'd ever heard of, and I couldn't resist it!

However, as I wriggled out of my jeans and panties and, bare from the waist down, began to slide myself very very carefully across Billy's lap, I was totally terrified. As I faced him, he was reaching round either side of me to keep his hands on the steering wheel and I was absolutely convinced he wouldn't be able to see properly. I had visions of us plunging over 500 feet into the churning waves of the Thompson River. I imagined us dying in a watery grave — locked together for eternity.

When I first let Billy enter me he must have thought *rigor mortis* had set in because I was stiff as a corpse. his cock was as rigid as I was frigid. Even if we didn't die, what if other truck drivers saw us madly making love? However, the more we bounced along, the better Billy's cock felt. The road was bumpy due to spring breakup, and Billy's airseat acted like a shock absorber. The bigger the bump we went over the better the sensation. Finally, I relaxed and started to enjoy myself. Before long I didn't care if the whole world saw us. Billy's cock felt like a stick of dynamite ready to explode. The vibration of the airseat made me feel like I was screwing a jack hammer.

I told Billy that whatever he did he shouldn't stop fucking my hot honeypot. I dug my fingernails into his shoulder, and I pumped myself up and down on his big, blue-veiner. By now I felt our love juices were cascading down my legs like Niagara Falls, and I saw no end in sight. I wrapped my legs around Billy; I was determined to stay there until I had drained him. And suddenly I was coming so violently it felt like we'd set the whole Trans Canada Highway vibrating.

As I was drifting back down to earth, I realized what a precarious position we were in. But the natural high I experienced had been so intense, so electrifying, and thrilling it more than made up for the scary situation. As I slid off Billy's lap, I said to him, 'Well, if we had died at least we would have gone out in a blaze of glory!'

LM, British Columbia

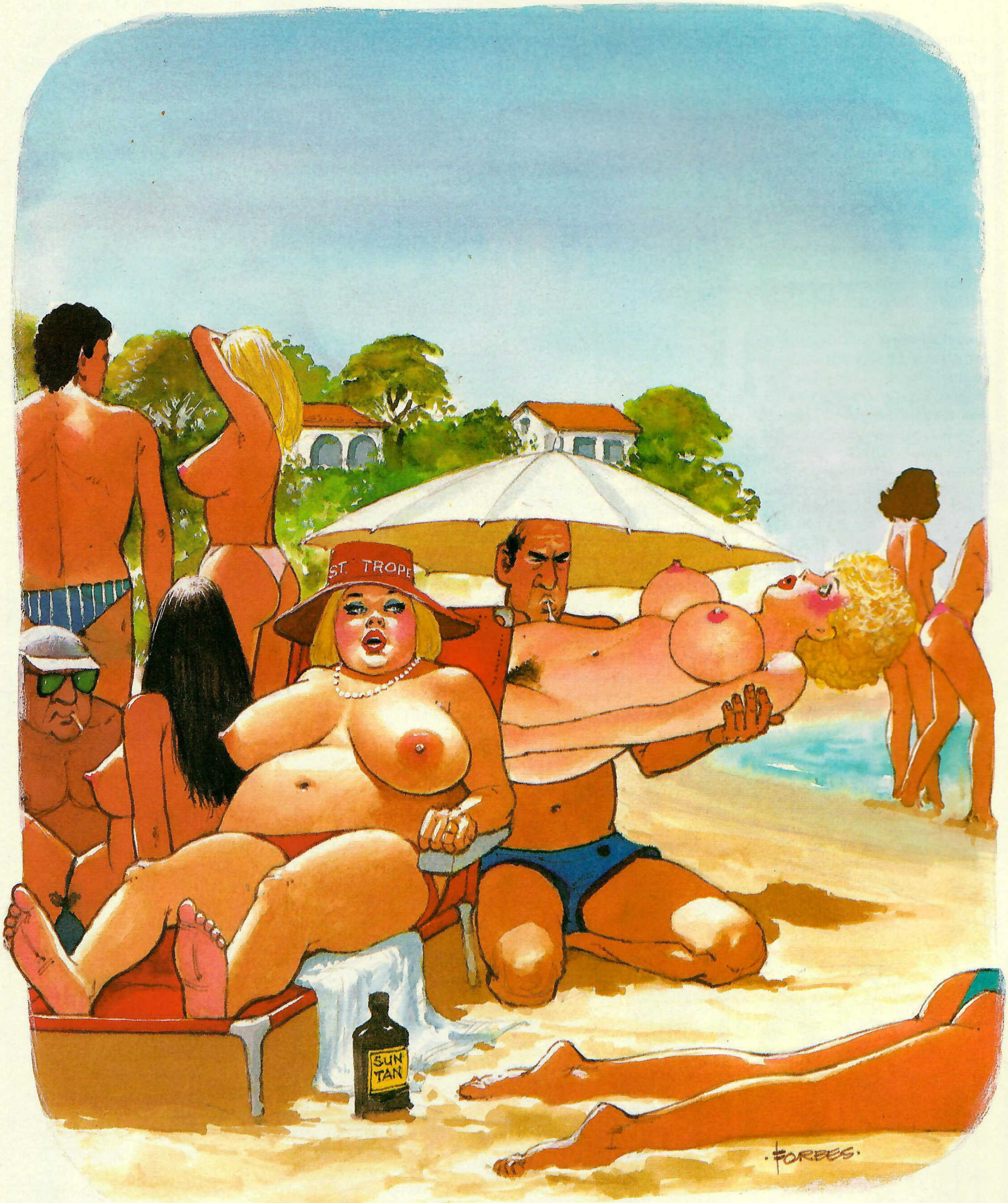
Well, that's one way of getting your Rockies off.

Look back and hanker

From time to time, readers comment that they prefer the less explicit *Mayfair* style than that of some other magazines. However, in the *Best of Mayfair* (No. 7) highlights, you mix (to some degree) the best of both worlds.

I liked the set of Yanez Lancaster in which very little pubic hair was on display, but which was very erotic. In particular, the shot on page 129 of her taking her knickers

turn to page 10


ST. TROPE
SUN TAN
FORBES

'Oh my God, Gerald, you haven't brought those stupid water wings again this year!'

LETTERS

continued from page 8

off. Although, in contrast, the set of Jane Hamilton was also superb. It was good to see included a set from earlier times too — namely Chris Cossens from Vol 10 No. 7

I recall the first time I saw *Mayfair*. A colleague at work had two in his desk — going back, I'd guess, to Vols 3, 4 or 5. What I recall vividly is the very demure pictures.

First, there was only one photoset in each edition. Secondly, in most of the pictures, in order to preserve modesty, only one breast was exposed, the highlight being the centrefold where both magnificent breasts could be seen in the same picture! (There was no pubic hair in those days, of course). One set was of a dark girl, called Tamara, who, although nude, used a piece of pale green material to cover her crotch in the centrefold.

The other was a Miss Switzerland winner or runner-up. I wonder if these girls could be included in future special editions? Also, how about a re-run of sixties pop star, Millie, who I gather posed for you. From the more recent past, another look at Jackie St Clair and Nike Clarke would be welcome. Back to the present, and congratulations on the recent topless set of Paula Ann Bland. I hope you will soon be able to persuade her to pose nude.

PMA, Rushden

Wet-look, please

Beyond any shadow of a doubt your magazine is the best men's magazine on the market. The pictures of the girls are delightful, and tasteful too, done with elegance and style. The features are always full of interest, the jokes are good, and Carrie is hilarious, but I am *not* happy. Why?

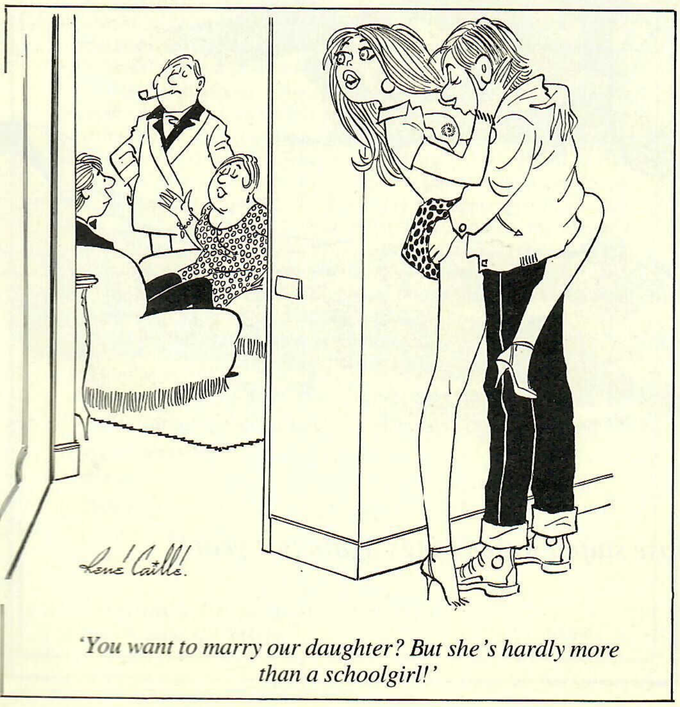
There is an alarming lack of shots of girls getting wet. Surely a magazine that caters so well for the red-blooded male understands that views of a pretty girl in a wet, clinging tee-shirt, with her erect nipples sticking out clearly, are an absolute must?

I don't even insist on a wet tee-shirt. For instance, on holiday at a Mediterranean hotspot last year, I saw a girl who was wearing slacks and a thin blouse pushed into my hotel swimming pool. Even though she was wearing a bra under ther blouse, the sight of the wet material clining tightly to her breasts was sensational.

The nearest you have come in recent issues were some poses of a girl wearing leather in a bath. At least that was a start, but much much more of the same, please. Do not neglect lovers of girls in wet attire!

(Name and address withheld)

Don't be too hard on us. There was lovely Lee Ann taking a bath in her see-through toga in Vol 23 No 1, and for the record, the 'leatherware' bather was Vol 23 No 5 centregirl Madelaine Forbes — wearing PVC incidentally. And now, just take a look at our cover this month! Sabrina soaked — and there's more on the following pages. If that isn't good enough for you, here's a reminder of both wet ladies.



'You want to marry our daughter? But she's hardly more than a schoolgirl!'

A sensible orgy

I read recently in your letters pages about a man who had returned to the United States after a few years absence (Vol 23 No 5) and was lamenting the fact that its character had been changed by the AIDS epidemic, and what he called the 'moral majority'. I'm from the US and although I agree that these two factors have caused change, I got the impression that he thought the US was the only place where 'free love' ever took place. I've been living this side of the Atlantic for a year and a half now, and judging by my own experiences the British aren't exactly backward in coming forward.

In my opinion Britain is at the position the US was in when your correspondent was there a couple of years back. True, AIDS has had an effect, but it seems the British have lived up to their reputation of being sensible and responsible, and through the use of condoms, have been enjoying themselves.

I came to London after my wife died to start my life over. I was 42 and found it difficult to adapt, but after a while, and thanks to some guys at work, I made a start.

I ended up 'courting' a neighbour of mine. Although she was only 28 she was mature and we got on well together. We did end up in bed after about four months, and enjoyed a period of quite suberb love-making.

Then after Christmas, we had some good news and some bad news. We were both offered promotion in the companies we worked for. The trouble was that my job would take me to Cardiff and hers to Edinburgh.

We agreed that although the previous six or seven months had been great our forced parting was probably for the best. She had helped me get over my wife, and I had helped her get promotion — she said she had done some of her best work since meeting me! The final month was coming to an end when Anna (name changed), invited me around to dinner one night to meet her sister Gail (name changed).

Anna is elegantly attractive with dark-coloured hair and quite well-built but everything is in perfect proportion. Gail turned out to be 20, about the same height, with fair hair. She is a bit slimmer and not as well-built as her sister but is also very attractive.

The night went well and ended with a peck on the cheek from both girls. The following Sunday was the last time I saw Anna — she left on the Tuesday, I was to leave on the Friday — but it was a day I will never forget.

The three of us decided to go out for the day to have lunch by the Thames. We got back to their house at about five in the afternoon and Gail went to make some coffee.

While she was in the kitchen, Anna said that as this was our last day together and it had been so wonderful already she had decided it would end in an equally wonderful way. I asked her what she meant, to which she replied, 'You'll see!'

At about seven o'clock Anna and Gail left the room, I heard them both giggling, and then Anna going upstairs. Gail came back in the room and said I was now going to find out what Anna had meant earlier and immediately clamped her mouth onto mine. She said she was a 'leaving present' from Anna. A year or so ago I would have resisted, but I was now a new man and responded to Gail's kissing by placing my hands on her arse (note the English spelling) and gently hitched up her skirt. This wasn't too difficult as she was wearing a navy blue mini, and the feel of her tight, round cheeks really got me going. At this point Anna came back in the room wearing just her underwear and a big smile. 'Go ahead,' she said.

So I turned Gail around hitched the skirt up again and started to peel away her tight, blue panties. I bent over the chair. While she waited expectantly I took my pants and jockeys off, and was supplied with a condom from Anna.

It was obvious I was in for a memorable time, and the way Gail took me made it clear she was no

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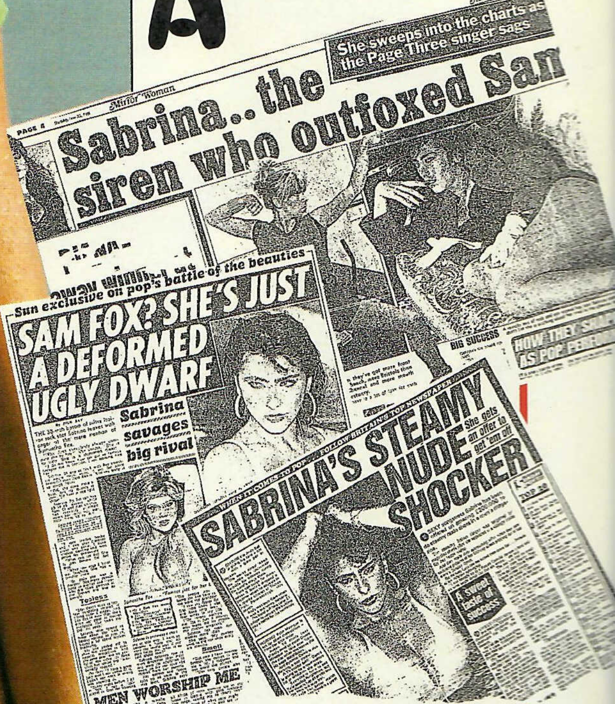
SABRINA



Mirror Woman

PAGE 4

She sweeps into the charts as the Page Three singer sags

Sabrina.. the siren who outfoxed Sam

BIG SUCCESS

HOW THEY SHA
AS POP PERF

Sun exclusive on pop's battle of the beauties

SAM FOX? SHE'S JUST A DEFORMED UGLY DWARF

Sabrina savages big rival

Topless

Small

MEN WORSHIP ME

SABRINA'S STEAMY NUDE SHOCKER

She gets an offer to get 'em off

A sweet taste of success

A TOP POP STAR TAKES OFF

She's the current queen of what's been called 'Bimbo rock' — pop music that's as much to do with curves as quavers — and that's fine by 20-year-old 38-24-36 inch Sabrina, whose single *Boys* shot to number three in the British charts. 'I believe that if you have something beautiful, you should not hide it,' says the 5 feet 7 inch ex-beauty queen from Genoa in northern Italy. 'I work with my voice and I work with my body.' Her work on the *Boys* video — in which she bounced about a beach and swimming pool in a bikini brief enough to show hints of nipple — stunned British viewers, and *Mayfair* readers who, we believed, deserved a whole lot more of her.

Sabrina first started making her mark in beauty contests at the remarkable age of 12, when her figure was already fully formed. By the age of 17 she had been signed up as a presenter on Italy's TV Channel Five and her first record *Sexy Girl* appeared about the same time, but it took *Boys* to launch her on the international path pioneered by another singer whose upper register is just as impressive as her voice, Britain's Samantha Fox. Sabrina doesn't relish the comparison. 'I am 10 inches taller, I speak five languages, I dance. Is it possible to make a comparison?' is one of her milder comments. Sam has yet to reply. In our book there's room for both pop beauties — but not necessarily in the same bikini top.

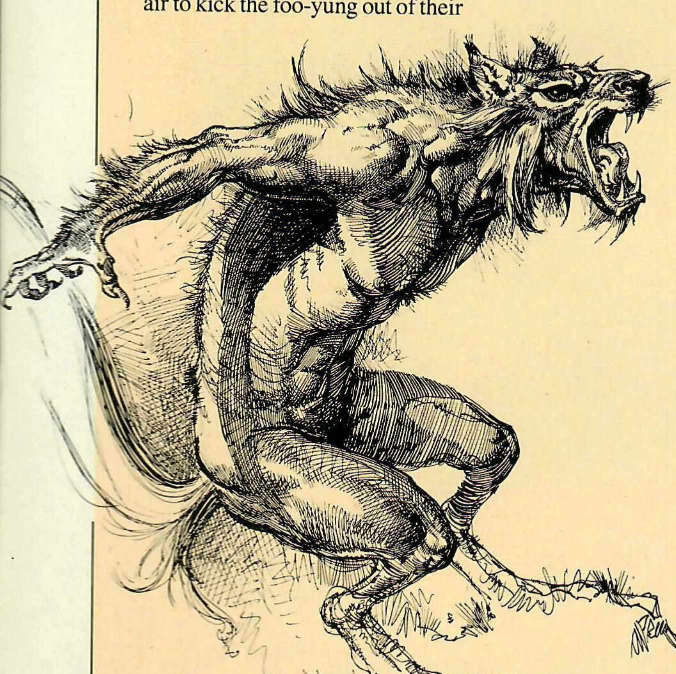
SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Dinner's on her

As the French are constantly telling us, the secret of a good meal is not just the food but its presentation. But nouvelle cuisine has nothing on the novel way the Japanese serve theirs. Order the Sushi in one area of Tokyo, and whilst the meal may not be on the manager, it is on the waitress. For just £160 per head, customers can watch as a naked geisha girl is wheeled in lying on her back, covered in the finest food. They are then invited to eat off her bare body. Unfortunately, diners have to use chopsticks, but none the less it is still a popular night out for those workaholic company execs. With true Far Eastern inscrutability, the dish of the day has to keep perfectly still as men toy with raw sea eel, shrimps, seaweed and rice, nor crack a smile as they dip into her soy sauce. It gives whole new meaning to 'Would sir like something sweet off the trolley?' . . .And where did this idea originate? An area of Western Japan called Kinky! Yes, really!

Fairway to grow old?

Ever wonder what happened to those kung fu warriors of the 1970s. What are they doing now they're too old to fly through the air to kick the foo-yung out of their enemies? Playing golf, apparently. Hard though it might be to imagine Bruce Lee clones in patterned cardigans and plaid trousers, at least one is now smashing balls in a very different way from his martial arts days. The decidedly un-Oriental-sounding Ted Pollard used to double for Bruce Lee and can still kick a nasty hole in one if he chooses. But now he prefers the Royal and Ancient art to the Eastern ones, and claims there is a surprising similarity between the two, and not just in the high-volume shouting. 'Swinging a golf club is very much like wielding a *nun-chuk*,' he insists referring to one of the deadly weapons used in martial arts. 'And the mind and muscle control is identical.' So he has helped devise a training implement which combines the two. Called a Toski Trainer, it consists of two linked weighted rods that look like a croquet hoop with red balls on the end. Swinging these for 20 minutes, three days a week will 'force the golfer to swing correctly every time,' he says. And if you don't you can kill the caddy with it. The Toski Trainer costs a mere £79.95. Sounds a bit implausible to us, but we haven't got the nerve to tell him. . .



Moulton gold

And since we're off down memory lane, why not go by bike? Remember the Moulton bicycle that was set to 'revolutionise' cycling in the late 60s. With its small wheels and spring suspension, it was considered the civilised way to ride. Shortly after, inventor Alex Moulton sold his idea to one of the major companies, and the Moulton was never seen again. Until now. The Moulton is back on sale again, and looks just the same as ever. All that's changed is the price. Assistant Editor Clive Harris, who's old enough to know, assures us his schoolboy Moulton Deluxe cost his parents £60 in 1967, nearly double the cost of an ordinary bike. Today's top of the range Moulton (an adult BMX-style bike) retails at exactly £1,000.

Busty saving bank?

Every bank should offer high interest with easy access, but few do it quite as literally as one branch in Fort Lauderdale, Texas. The town boasts the first ever topless bank with tellers revealing their assets to the public who are also served with soft drinks and sold souvenirs. Like most of us, Americans are used to the odd boob on their statement, but now they can find out why they're in the red from a girl in the buff.

Although busy, the managers say that British customers are welcome to come in and make a deposit — so long as they clear it up afterwards.

Spiders in a jiffy

Spotted in the 'Insects for sale' section of *Exchange and Mart:* 'Mantis Nymphs 50p, stick insects 50p, Giant Prickly Redmouth moth £1. For tarantulas send a stamped addressed envelope . . .'

Weekends Away

There can be few more embarrassing experiences for the single man than the moment when he has to check into a hotel with his girlfriend. Does he ask for two rooms knowing full well one will never be used? Or does he bravely pretend he's married, and give a brilliantly inventive false name like 'Mr and Mrs Smith?'

Well, in one hotel the question doesn't arise. The *Plantation Inn* in Chester has been running special Mr and Mrs Smith weekends for nine months where unmarried couples are not only welcomed but given the very best of special treatment.

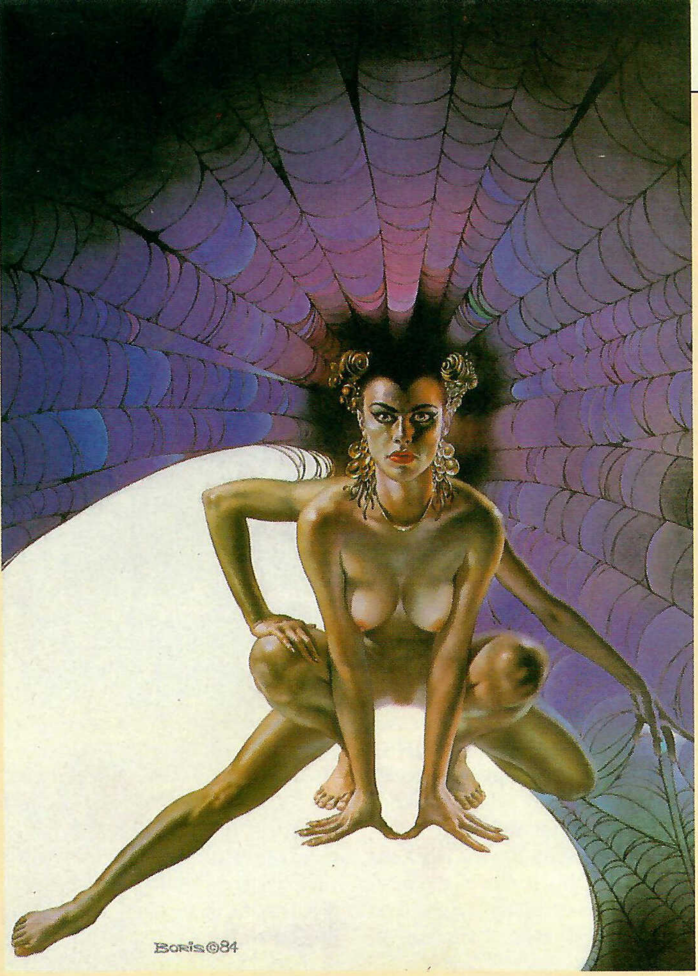
'Good afternoon, Mr and Mrs Smith, congratulations on your wedding. May I present you with your marriage certificate?' beams the receptionist as the nervous couple walk into the door of the 'Old Colonial' style hotel just a quarter of a mile from the ancient city. Yes, it is a little unnerving for the unwary, but the *Plantation's* Mr and Mrs Smith weekends are not for those without a sense of humour.

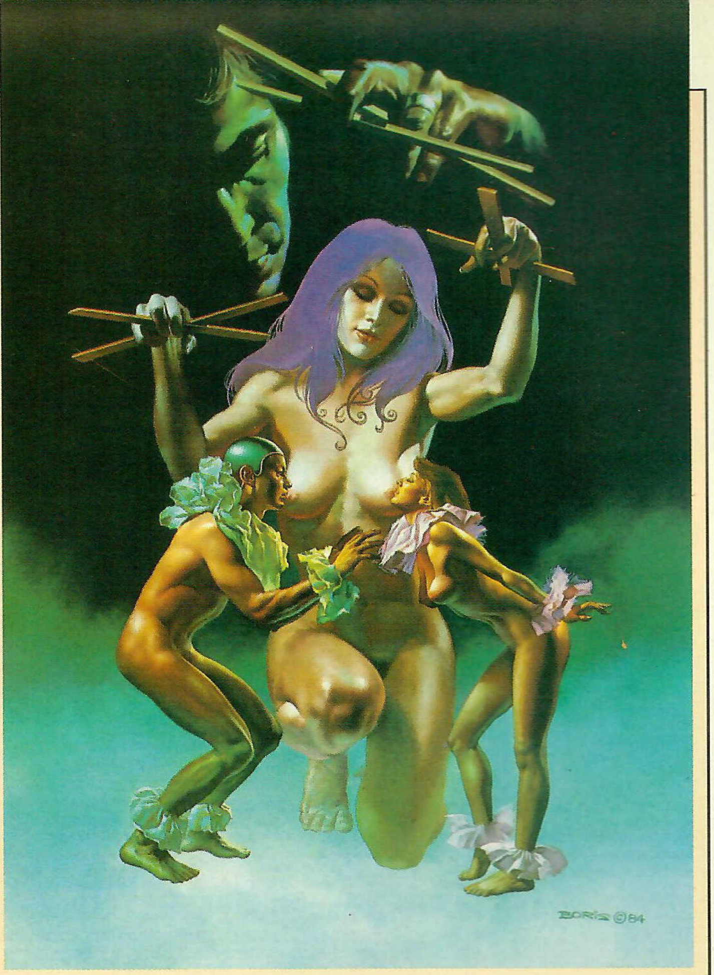
The marriage certificate is a glorious send-up, of course. According to mine, I'm Tom Dick Harry Smith, a toupee sales executive and son of a pickling factory operative, married to Cynthia Virginia Pain, an insatiable massage therapist. The ceremony was apparently performed by the duty manager and the head chef.

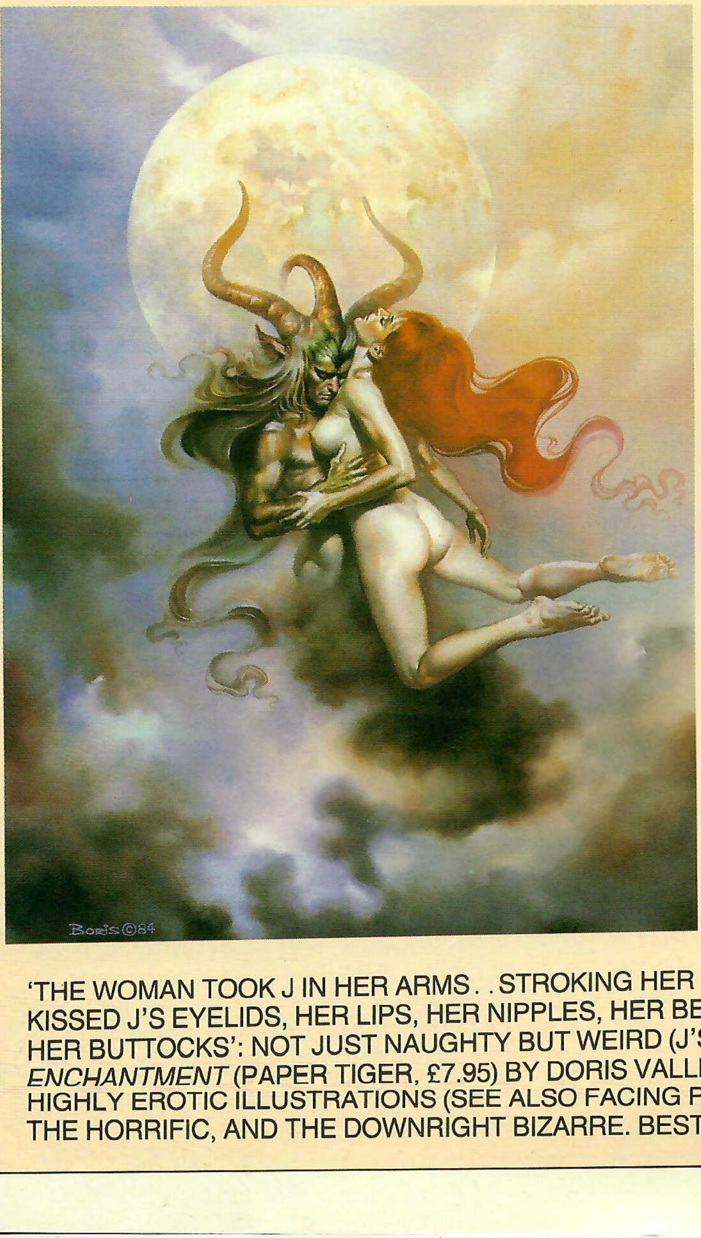
In the bedroom, more surprises await. An ice bucket with real dry champagne is conveniently placed beside the double bed. There is a beautifully presented box of soft-centred chocolates too, a bowl of fruit with a highly prominent banana and a display of fresh flowers. More mundanely, all rooms have en suite bathrooms, colour TV with in-hotel videos (and some naughtier ones late at night), and handy extras like a hair drier and a trouser press. There's also a mini-bar with lots of ice for those who fancy 1½ days of *9½ Weeks*.

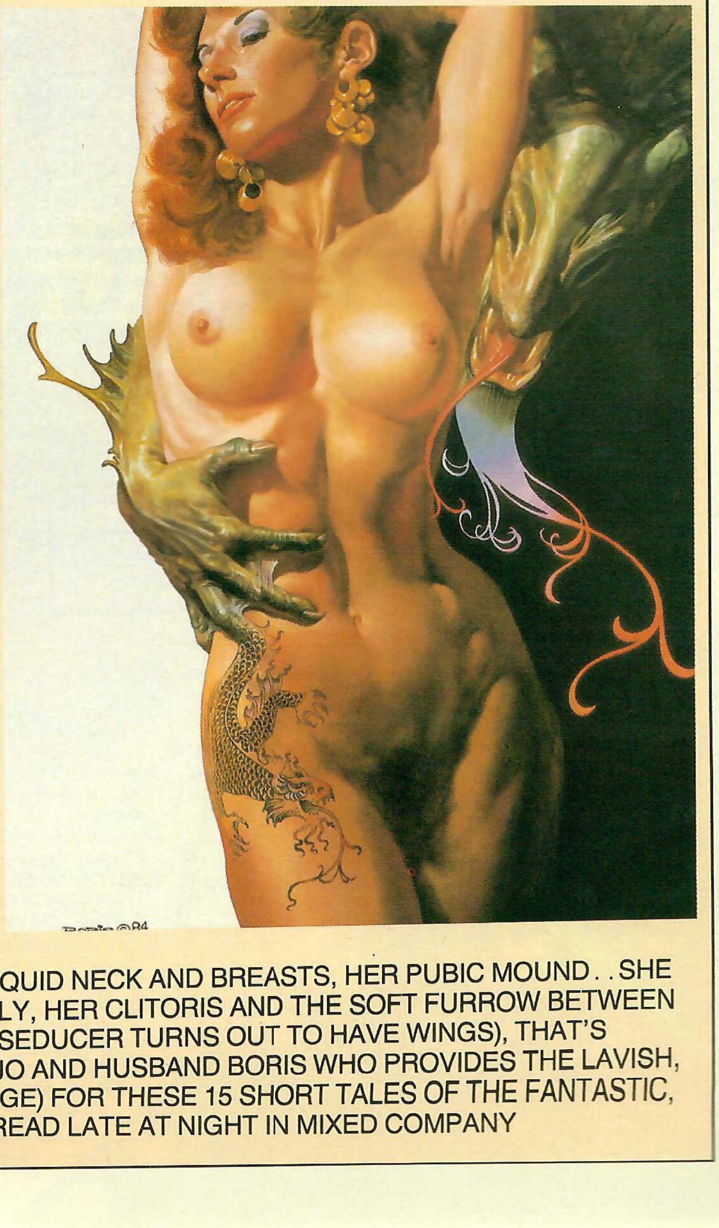
But the hotel humour hasn't died down yet. For those who don't feel inclined to leave the room, the hotel provides rude food delivered to the door. The menu is full of goodies and innuendo. How about 'soft moist fleshy oysters' to start, followed by 'well hung pheasant, plucked and stuffed' and a 'ripe pear' or 'exotic tart' for dessert? There's also pink blancmange topped with cream and cherries. No prizes for guessing the shapes it comes in. Cordon blue humour, perhaps?

If this all sounds like an up-market Club 18-30 weekend, then don't worry, nothing could be further from the truth. Apart from constantly being addressed as Mr and Mrs Smith, the rest of the weekend is sumptuous and civilised. The three-star *Plantation Inn* is owned by the Quality International chain, and the hotel and its staff are smart and efficient. Venture down from your room for an evening meal, and you are rewarded with food nearer four-star standard in a palm-



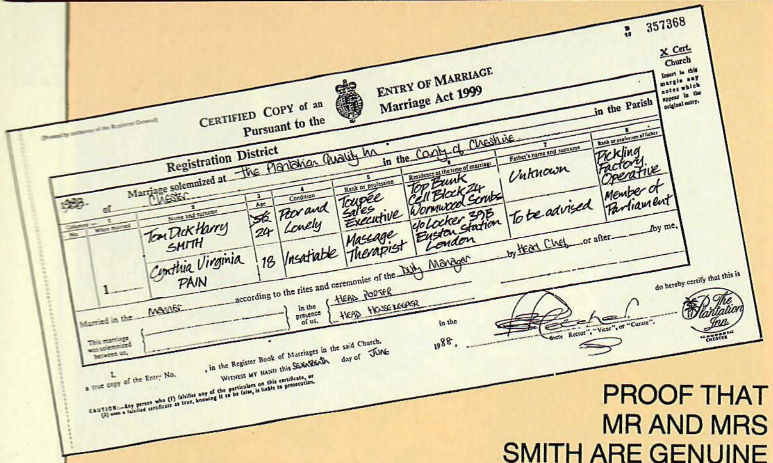






'THE WOMAN TOOK J IN HER ARMS. . STROKING HER LIQUID NECK AND BREASTS, HER PUBIC MOUND. . SHE KISSED J'S EYELIDS, HER LIPS, HER NIPPLES, HER BELLY, HER CLITORIS AND THE SOFT FURROW BETWEEN HER BUTTOCKS': NOT JUST NAUGHTY BUT WEIRD (J'S SEDUCER TURNS OUT TO HAVE WINGS), THAT'S *ENCHANTMENT* (PAPER TIGER, £7.95) BY DORIS VALLEJO AND HUSBAND BORIS WHO PROVIDES THE LAVISH, HIGHLY EROTIC ILLUSTRATIONS (SEE ALSO FACING PAGE) FOR THESE 15 SHORT TALES OF THE FANTASTIC, THE HORRIFIC, AND THE DOWNRIGHT BIZARRE. BEST READ LATE AT NIGHT IN MIXED COMPANY

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR



B 10 357368

X Cert. Church

Insert in this margin any notes which appear in the original entry.

CERTIFIED COPY of an ENTRY OF MARRIAGE
Pursuant to the Marriage Act 1999

Registration District in the Parish
Marriage solemnized at the Plantation Quality Inn in the County of Cheshire
1988. of Chester

No.	When married	Name and surname	Age	Condition	Rank or profession	Residence at the time of marriage	Father's name and surname	Rank or profession of father
1		Tom Dick Harry SMITH	~~56~~ 24	Poor and Lonely	Toupée Sales Executive	Top Bunk Cell Block 24 Wormwood Scrubs	Unknown	Pickling Factory Operative
		Cynthia Virginia PAIN	18	Insatiable	Massage Therapist	c/o Locker 39B Euston Station London	To be advised	Member of Parliament

Married in the Manor according to the rites and ceremonies of the Duty Manager by Head Chef or after by me,

This marriage was solemnized between us, in the presence of us, Head Porter, Head Housekeeper

State "Rector", "Vicar", or "Curate".

I, do hereby certify that this is a true copy of the Entry No. , in the Register Book of Marriages in the said Church, in the

Witness my hand this Seventeenth day of June 1988.

The Plantation Inn Chester

CAUTION:—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses a falsified certificate as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution.

PROOF THAT MR AND MRS SMITH ARE GENUINE FAKES — SEE BELOW

lined restaurant with bar attached. For those with sufficient energy, the *Plantation* also plays host to a disco (free to residents) on the Friday night until 2am, and an equally lengthy but more formal dinner dance (the only one in the North West!) on the Saturday. During the day you can take your pick from a variety of sun beds and saunas, plus what is rather unpleasantly described as a 'trimnasium'.

Most however prefer to explore the city of Chester. Built by the Romans, added to in mediaeval times and embellished by the Tudors, there are plenty of sites for the historically-minded plus an unhurried half-timbered high street for those who prefer the view through a shop window. The two-tier shops date back to the Middle Ages, so if you believed Covent Garden came up with it first, think again! But despite the very pretty streets, I'm happy to say there are remarkably few 'Gyfte Shoppes'. It's actually quite hard to find souvenirs! Boat people will love the city too. Bordered on the south side of the River Dee and on the north by the Shropshire Union, Chester makes an ideal stopping off point for those touring by cruiser or narrow boat.

Back at the *Plantation*, it was time to talk to hotel manager and inventor of the Mr and Mrs Smith weekend, Paul Fletcher. How did he come up with the idea?

'Everyone seemed to be doing the "Carefree Breakaway" type weekend, so I though we should offer something different. I got the idea from an article in the *Daily Telegraph*, saying how the spice had gone out of marriage. I thought if I could offer something that helped put it back, it would be a winner.'

So the Mr and Mrs Smith weekend is for married couples too?

'It's for everyone looking for a fun romantic weekend. We don't ask whether they're married or not. The only people it's not suitable for are say a married boss having a fling with his secretary. It's for people prepared to join in the fun. Oddly enough, it's very popular with people *really* called Mr and Mrs Smith. They've been winked at so often in hotels, they come here for a break!'

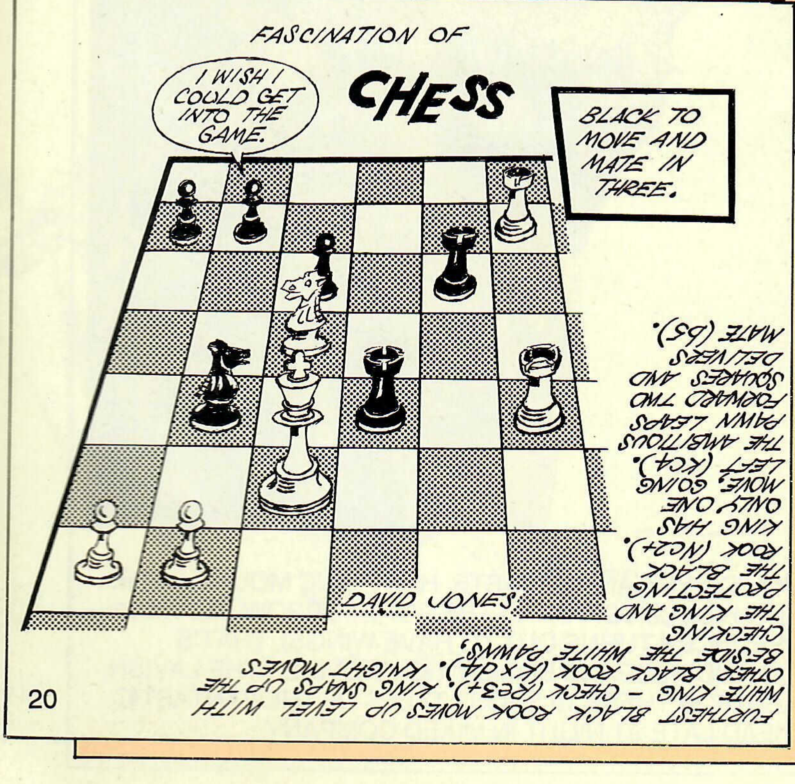
A less real Mr and Mrs Smith, two far-from-stereotypical DHSS officials from Bangor, agree it doesn't matter whether your married or what age you are.

'We've been on lots of weekend breaks but this is one of the best. The hotel is excellent and the food superb. I'd recommend it to anyone broadminded enough to take it in the spirit intended.'

And I would agree. No, it's not an orgy for illicit lovers or a series of silly sex-games like some holiday companies offer young people. It's a combination of fun and romance for like-minded men and women, married or unmarried, eighteen or eighty, based in a well-equipped modern hotel in an equally well-equipped historic city. And at £95 each for bed, breakfast and evening meal including entry into the disco and dinner dance, it's good value too.

The Mr and Mrs Smith weekend is just one of dozens offered by Quality International. Their Quality Breaks and Achiever Breaks let you have a go at everything from motor racing to ghost hunting. For further information contact Quality International, *Piccadily House, 33 Regent Street, London SW17 4NB (tel: 01-439 4955)*. For more details of the *Plantation Inn* and their plans for the autumn (Paul Fletcher is now considering 'Sell Your Wife' weekends!) ring the hotel on 0244 374100.

LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION TO HELENE HUNT POURED INTO OUR OFFICE FOLLOWING HER DEBUT AS A PRESENTER ON THE *ITV TELETHON*. AS REGULAR READERS WILL KNOW, HELENE HAS BEEN A *MAYFAIR* COVER GIRL ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, BUT A LIVE PRESENTATION JOB ON ITV'S LONGEST-EVER PROGRAMME WAS A NEW EXPERIENCE. ALL OUR READERS AGREED SHE DID TREMENDOUSLY WELL DESPITE TECHNICAL HITCHES, VAST CROWDS AND THE LIKES OF FREDDIE STARR (SEE ABOVE). TO PUT HER OFF. ONE READER SAYS HE HAS WRITTEN TO CHANNEL FOUR SAYING SHE SHOULD BE THE ONE TO REPLACE ANNEKA RICE ON *TREASURE HUNT*, MAINLY BECAUSE HE WANTS TO SEE HER BOTTOM IN A TIGHT JUMPSUIT. HELENE SAYS SHE'D LOVE THE JOB. SO HERE'S HOPING!


FASCINATION OF
CHESS
I WISH I COULD GET INTO THE GAME.
BLACK TO MOVE AND MATE IN THREE.
DAVID JONES
FURTHEST BLACK ROOK MOVES UP LEVEL WITH WHITE KING - CHECK (Re3+). KING SNAPS UP THE OTHER BLACK ROOK (Kxd4). KNIGHT MOVES BESIDE THE WHITE PAWNS, CHECKING THE KING AND PROTECTING THE BLACK ROOK (Nc2+). KING HAS ONLY ONE MOVE, GOING LEFT (Kc4). THE AMBITIOUS PAWN LEAPS FORWARD TWO SQUARES AND DELIVERS MATE (b5).

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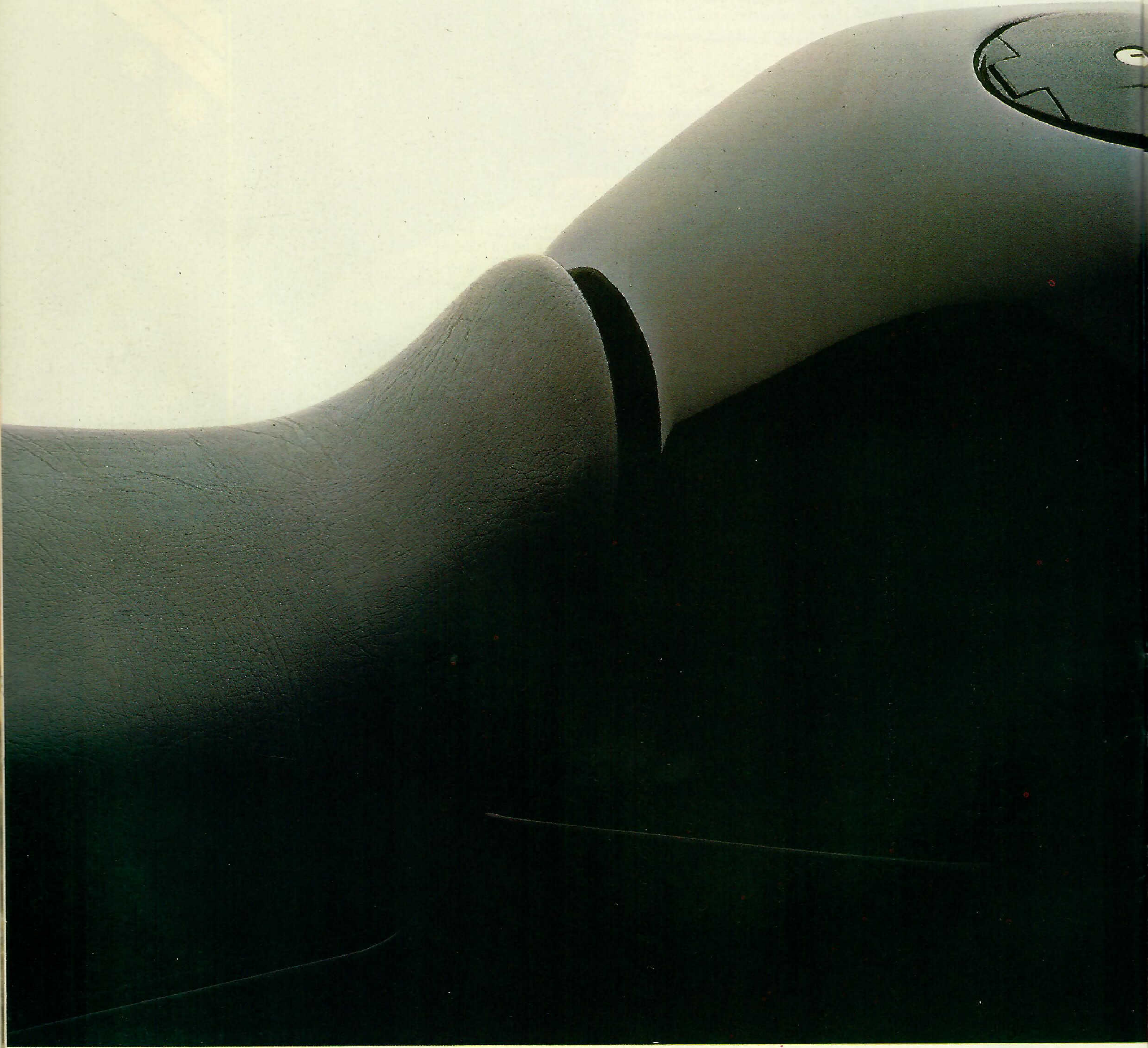

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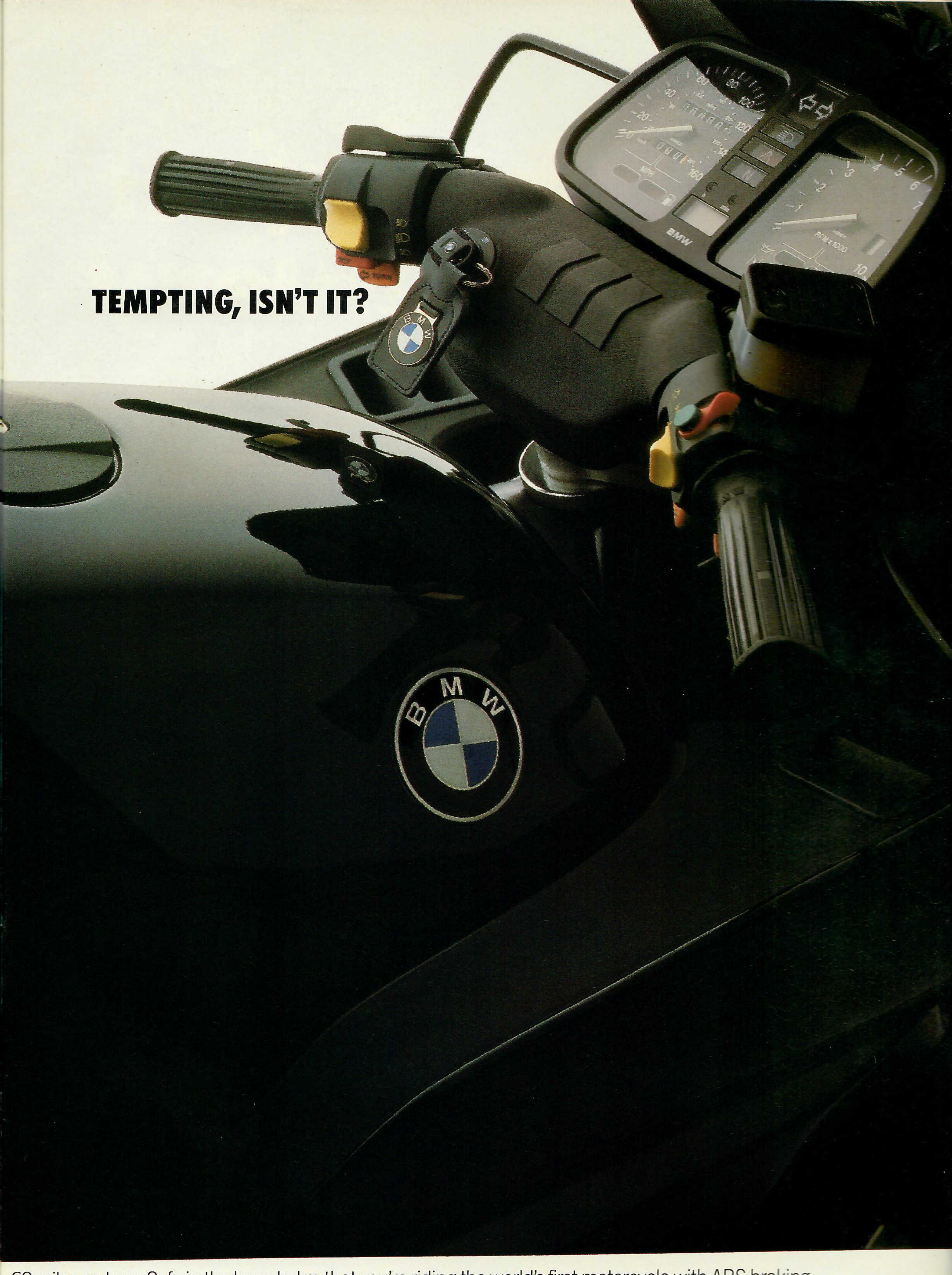

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problem. It's bringing it back that might prove difficult.

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THE ULTIMATE RIDING MACHINE

'Hot pizza?' she pouted, pushing tousled black hair back off her stunning features. 'You deliver?' 'Always,' I breathed. 'Always'

A perfect delivery

Fiction by Tom Turner

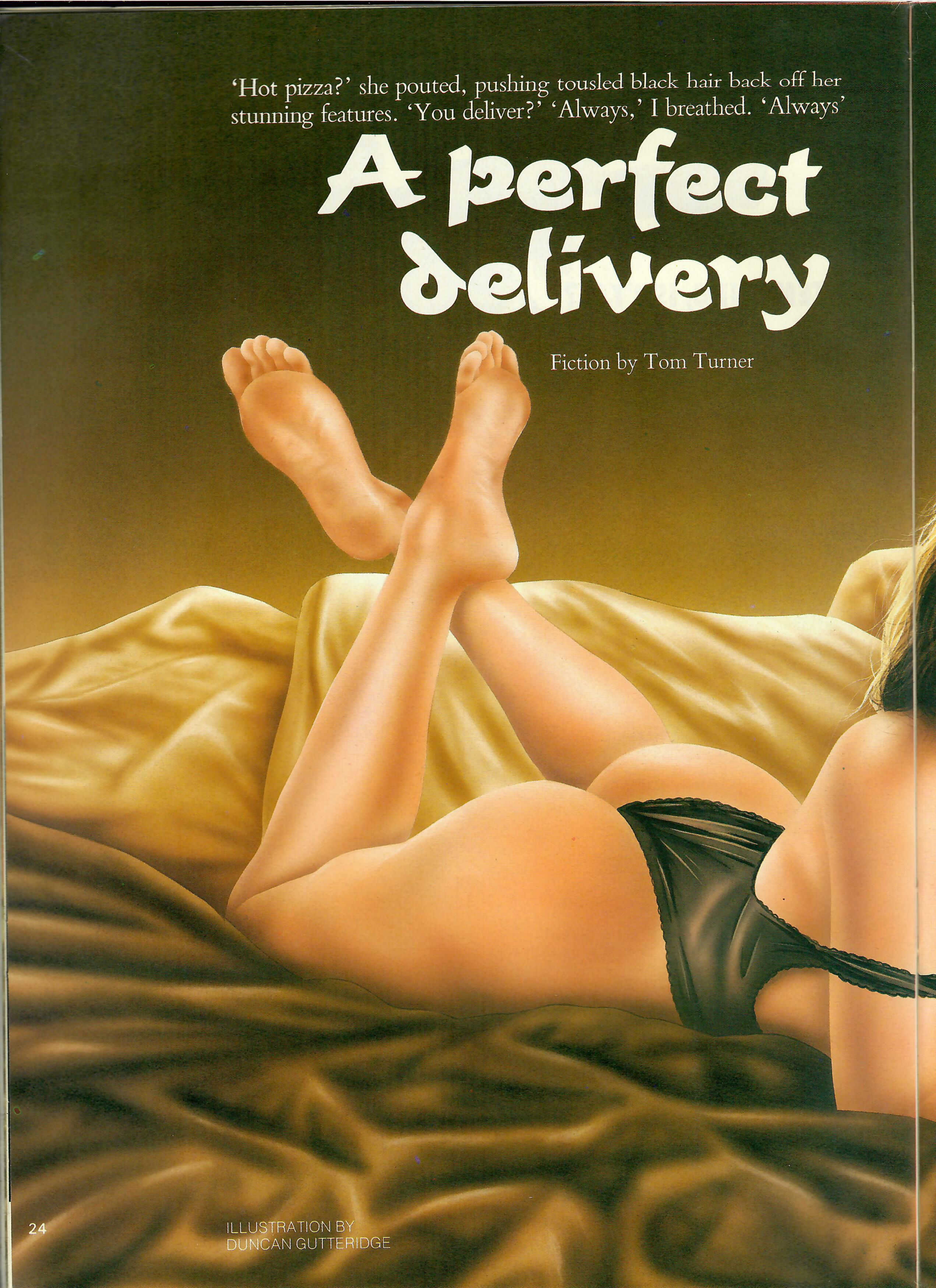


ILLUSTRATION BY
DUNCAN GUTTERIDGE

Listen, some neighbourhoods are horny by nature. They reek of sex. You touch a doorjamb and it judders like it's on heat. The doors swing open for you and the carpet lies flat on its back and purrs.

A Pratzo Pizza delivery boy like myself gets a feel for these things.

Other neighbourhoods are frigid. Whole streets stone cold, even in the height of summer. You couldn't jimmy a door open in those places. You remember how it feels to have a hard-on like you remember the colour of your girlfriend's eyes. So you learn to get in and out fast. The pizza's on the table and you're back on the street. The door's shut so fast behind you it's clipped the edge of your DM's. Dish up and take the dosh, no side salad — no bother.

Now, you might think a Pratzo Pizza boy comes across a lot of attractive women in a day's work. Well, to be frank, as far as the women go, some of my pizzas have had better complexions.

None the less, when I get this late call from a certain Montissimo Gardens in Highgate, somehow I know my luck has changed.

As I cross into Horny Highgate the randy radar is going double-time. When I hit Montissimo Gardens it blows a fuse. I kill the motor and the Honda Tragedy is silent, although somewhere else I'm revving up fast.

A dark building with double locks on the doors, Montissimo Gardens hands out invites and warnings in about equal measure. From a third floor balcony music drifts across the night air; there is the clink of ice in a glass from within.

A woman's voice joins in with the music, quietly humming, a throaty sensual sound, more like a moan. The woman comes out onto the balcony and I watch her shadowy figure sway slightly to the music, her glass in her hand.

I check the number of the flat for the delivery: 13c — the third floor.

I double back to the trusty Honda Tragedy and

whip the delivery out the top-box: a succulent ten inch Pratzo Saucy Supremo with extra thick base and creamy topping — irresistible, right down to the pepperoni peppered casually across its impressive diameter. Mouthwatering stuff, I carry it carefully down the short path to the door. I press the flat number and pray.

'Dear God, let me get my end away,' I murmur as I wait. I am just adding a postscript: 'Preferably this side of midnight,' when I see a slim figure dart in from the balcony overhead. The music is dimmed a little. Without anything being said into the intercom the buzzer goes off and the door swings back.

I feel myself being drawn into the dark but welcoming interior.

Inside the lift slides easily up the shaft. The light flashes on three and the lift judders for a moment. There is a jolt that bounces the pizza in my hand and then finally the lift becomes still. The doors part silently and I cross the soft carpet to flat 13c directly opposite.

Through the door I hear music playing quietly. I ring the bell, stand back a fraction, and say my prayers one last time.

And then the unmistakeable figure from the balcony appears before me, a flimsy robe tied loosely at her waist. She pushes her tousled black hair up from her face and I stare entranced at her stunning features, the dark honey coloured skin, the involuntary pout.

I open with my finest line. 'Pizza?' I say.

This rarely fails me. I am not prepared, though, for the enthusiasm it prompts now. Almost six feet of stunning temptress comes suddenly to life, crying 'Wheeeh!' She nods wildly. 'Wheeeh!' she cries again, 'Pizza, Pratzo Pizza!'

Well, brand loyalty is one thing, but this is something else.

'I am Francoise,' she says, and my Pratzo logic training goes into full swing. French. The lady is French.

'Thank you God,' I murmur happily under my breath. 'And I haven't even asked for this . . .'

'Saucy Supremo?' she says. 'Oui?'

I nod dumbly, silenced momentarily by her breathtaking beauty.

'You deliver?' she adds.

'Always,' I reply, recovering my poise. 'Always.'

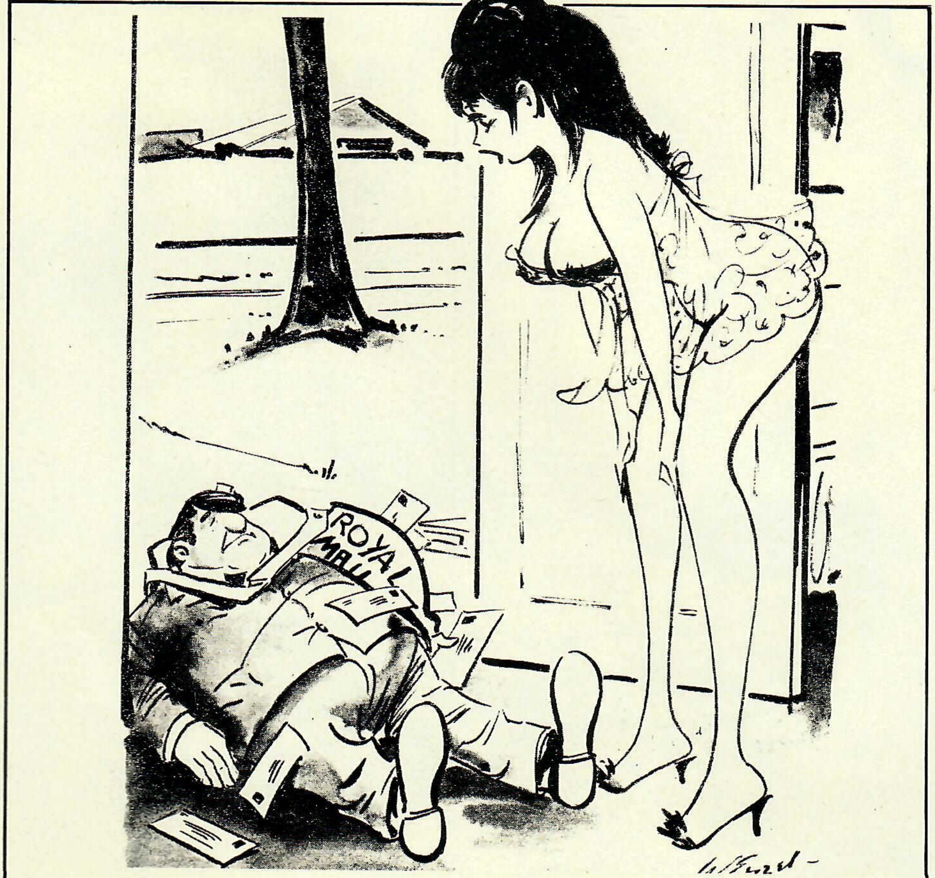
So . . . is it a matter of seconds before the gorgeous Francoise is giving me head in the living room? Or is my memory playing tricks on me?

All right, maybe it's a full minute before the Pratzo's delivery tee-shirt is shed. An ejector seat in my Mickey Mouse jockey shorts couldn't have got me out of my 501's and onto Francoise' deep soft carpet and Francoise onto my throbbing plonker any quicker.

My suspicions, amongst other things, are first aroused when this French stunner shoves the pizza straight in the freezer, saying, 'It will keep for later, no?'

With a kind of tango manoeuvre of infinite skill and speed she has me out from the hallway and into her flat. I am in her arms and the door is till shaking from where it has slammed behind me.

'A little something for your trouble?' she murmurs, and I am bossa-nova'd abruptly into the living room. We shimmy for a second and then my tee-shirt lands in a corner and Francoise's gown falls open to reveal her slender tanned body.



'Oh I'm awfully sorry. I was expecting my husband — he's been away on business for three weeks.'

Not one for preliminaries, she has me on the carpet and is licking hungrily at my crotch before the dust has even settled from our dance in the hallway. The door to the freezer is still swinging shut.

I prise her gently off my throbbing member and she lies back readily on the soft carpet. Perfectly formed, she has the slim girlish body of a teenager.

I caress her pert breasts and listen to her purr as I tease her proud nipples with my tongue. A shiver runs through her as my tongue lingers on her neck. I kiss her full soft lips and in an instant I know this is a mouth that promises more — much more.

I run my tongue in a leisurely curve under the taut swell of her perfect breasts, licking at her honeyed skin. I descend inevitably towards the delight of her pussy — so far just the most tantalising glimpse of a dark and luxuriant mound. It twitches almost painfully as Francoise squirms her charming derrière on the carpet.

I go down on her slowly, dragging my tongue across the gentle curve of her stomach.

I kiss inside her smooth thighs and they part as if they have a life of their own to reveal Francoise's wet centre, pink against her dark skin. Her lips part to show the tightest smoothest opening just waiting to be filled. Her pussy hair flattens and tangles against her wet skin. Her legs spread wide and in tiny spasms she thrusts her hips towards my face. 'Eat me!' she says, her voice breathless. 'Do it now!'

I kiss her full raw lips. I bury my mouth deep and probe at her quivering cleft with my tongue. She tastes divine. She is so hot, I barely touch her and she is ready to come.

I could eat pussy like this all night, I think to myself.

Francoise has her legs wrapped around my neck. Her whole body is trembling. Her head falls back as if she is in pain and from her beautiful mouth there comes a rising moan. She cries out sharply. Half of Highgate must be able to hear this mademoiselle groan.

I nudge her rapidly toward a climax, toying with her clit, flicking across it with my tongue, licking slowly around it. One last leisurely stroke and she heaves her hips with a cry that sets the double-glazing shaking.

The books on the shelf alphabetize themselves in an instant, the ornaments on the wall units shatter before our eyes, the light sways on its cord like a ship in a storm, and Francoise makes that agonized ecstatic noise that means 'I'm coming!' in any language.

I feel the involuntary tense and twitchy spasms deep inside her. Her body thrashes violently. Finally Francoise is silent and her slender form goes limp before me on the carpet. She smiles and murmurs, 'Merci... mmm...' Then, closing her eyes, she appears to fall asleep.

Well, this is all very nice. My tongue is happy, still savouring her. But my plonker is throbbing fit to burst and my balls are begging for action. Francoise rolls lazily onto her stomach. She buries her face in the carpet and I hear an impressive yawn.

It occurs to me that I would have more chance of making out in the Popemobile. I am just thinking the only action here is going to be strictly from

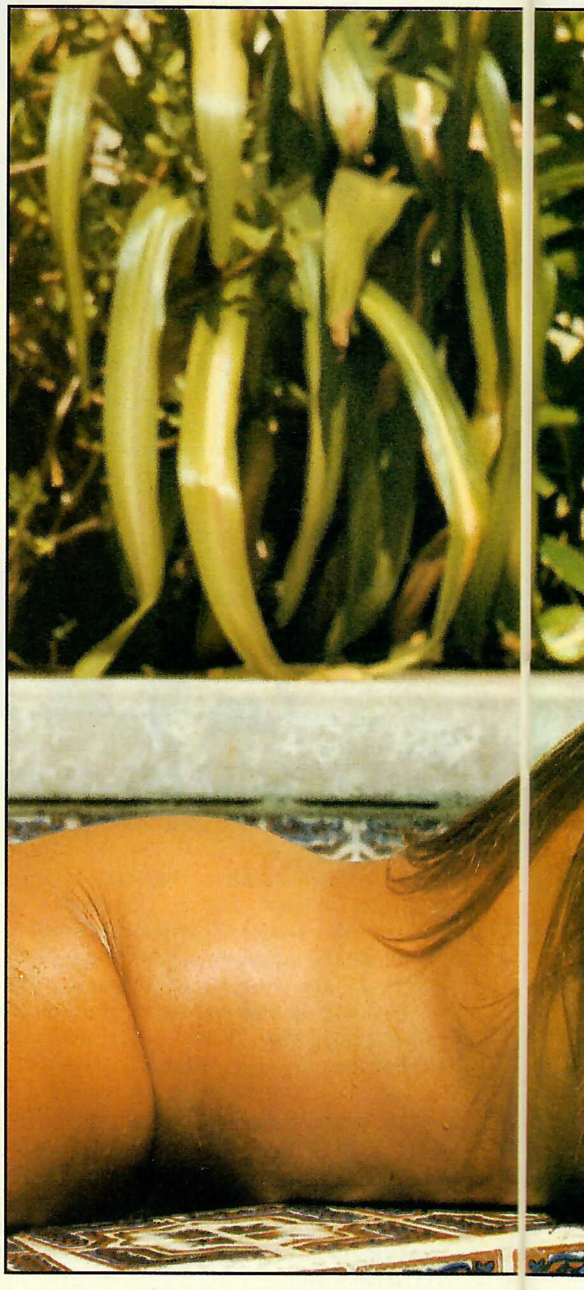
turn to page 112

ALTER EGO
ALL TERRAIN

ALTER EGO. n.1. a second self. 2. a very close and intimate friend. (L. other self).

RALEIGH

ALL TERRAIN BIKES.



JANE

Getting an estimate for installing a new kitchen used to mean opening your doors to series of grim men who took one look followed by a sharp intake of breath. Now, some firms send a designer instead, and she could be as pretty as 21-year-old Jane Murphy from Newcastle who offers customers just such a personal service.

Most of Jane's customers are housewives who don't appreciate her slim 34-22-33 figure, but now and again she does redesign the odd 'bachelor pad'. Only last week she was working for a handsome young banker. 'He was a real dish but his integral units were in a shocking state,' she says. 'I'll soon change all that though.'

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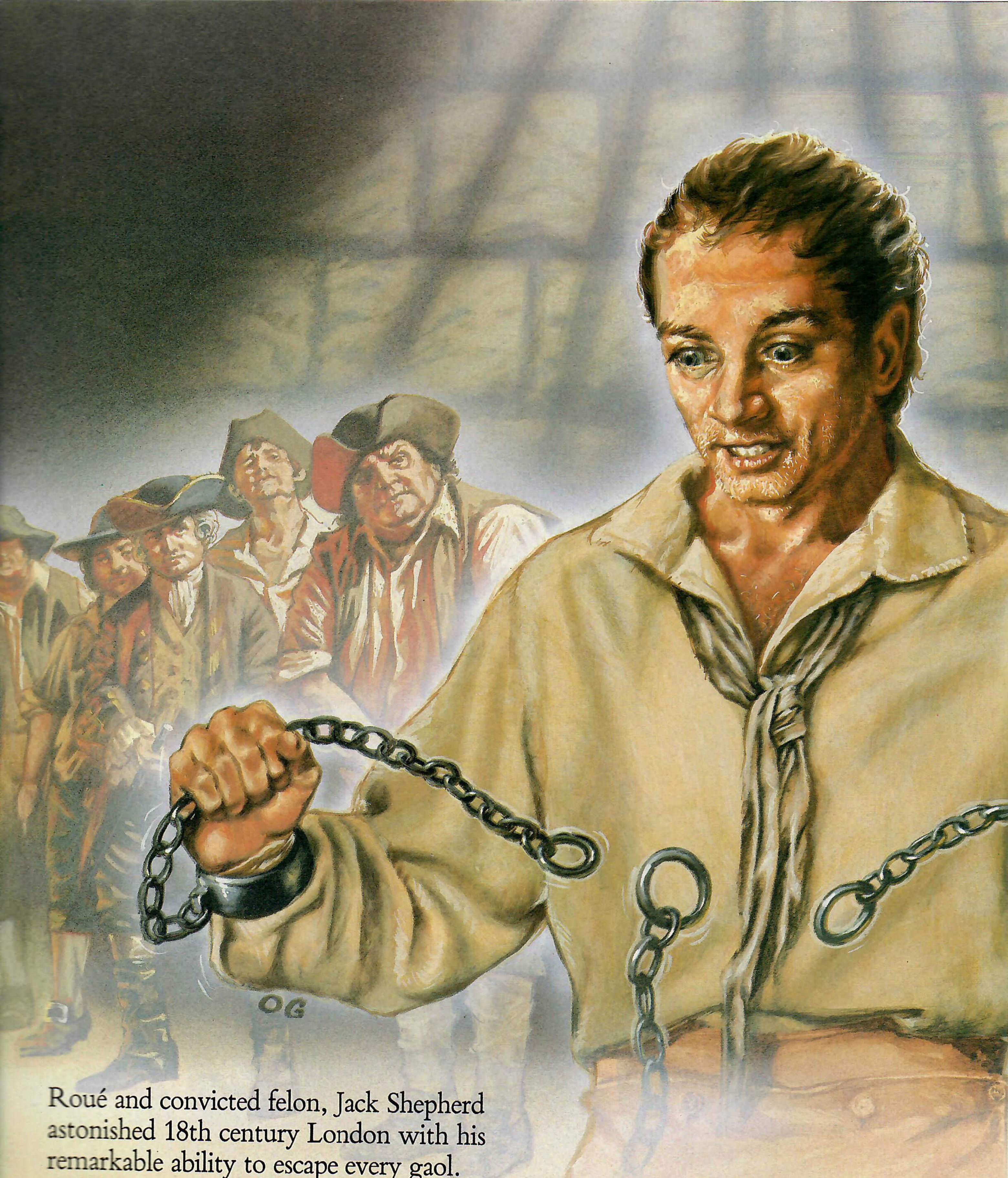
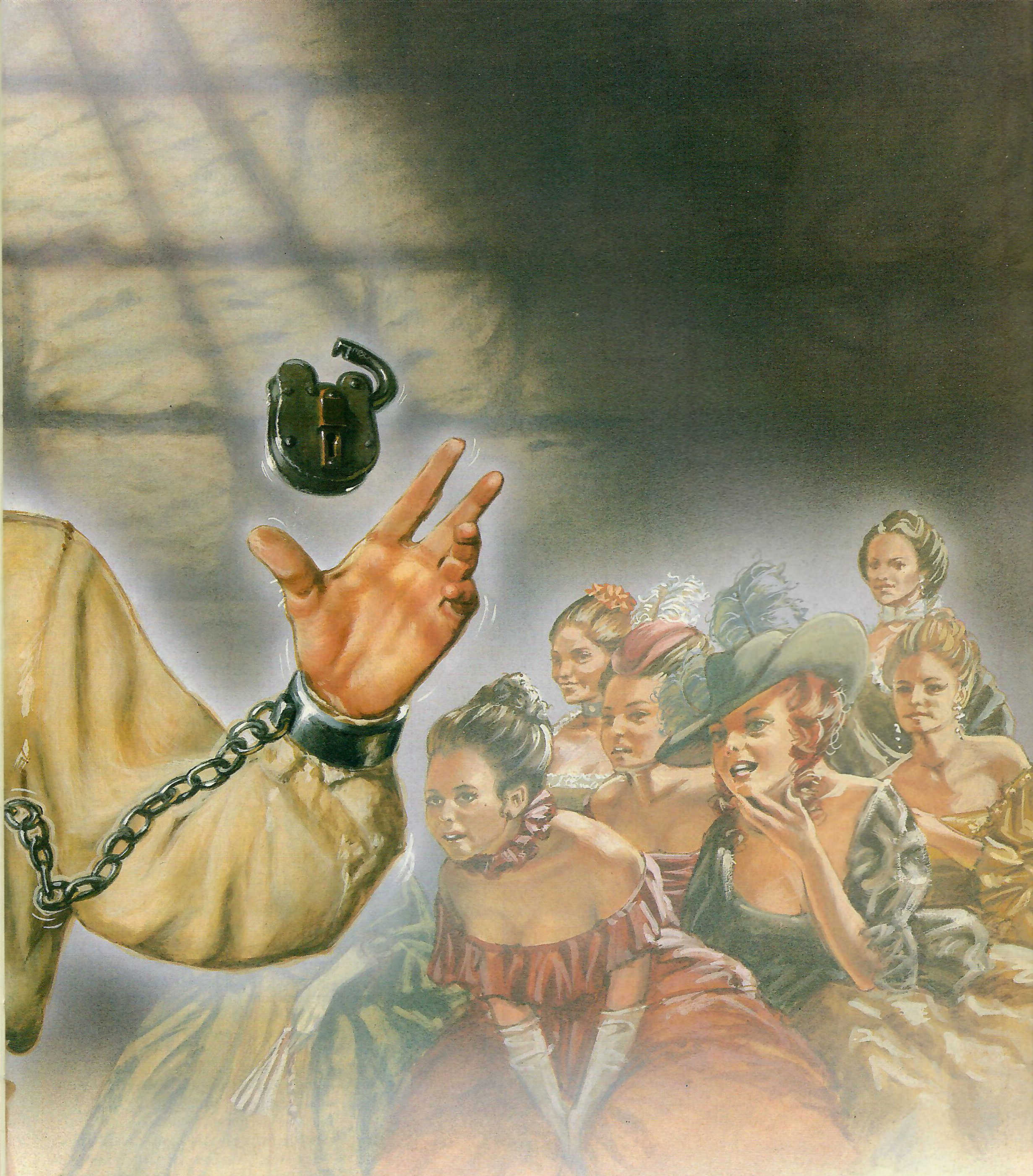


The original Jack~the~lad

Roué and convicted felon, Jack Shepherd astonished 18th century London with his remarkable ability to escape every gaol.

Profile by
Peter Godfrey



Harry Houdini, the famous escapologist, used to claim that no prison could hold him. It was his unvarying custom when on tour, to challenge police and prison authorities to find a cell secure enough to prevent his escape.

He failed only once — and surprisingly enough this was from a cell in a tiny country police station. After trying to pick the lock for several hours Houdini, exhausted, gave in. Later, he asked the gaoler why he had gone to the trouble of having such a special lock fitted.

'It's not special,' said the gaoler. 'It's an ordinary lock — the same as hundreds you've opened in other places.'

'Then why,' asked Houdini, 'did it give me so much trouble?'

The gaoler grinned. 'I only *pretended* to lock the door. Actually, it was open all the time.'

But Houdini's remarkable escaping ability was not unique. It was matched, and in fact preceded, by a man named John (Jack) Shepherd in London early in the 18th Century. There was, however, an important difference between the two men. While Houdini performed his feats for money

ILLUSTRATED
BY ROGER JONES

The original Jack-the-lad

and applause. Shepherd — in an age when hanging was the penalty for even a petty theft — did his for his very life. And, in his own way, his actions were just as greatly appreciated by the public as were Houdini's two centuries later.

Jack Shepherd was born in a suburb of London in 1698. His parents were respectable, and well-to-do enough to afford him what was in those days a great luxury — enough education to enable him to read and write. Later he was apprenticed to a maker of cane chairs. In the course of the next few years he served under several masters. His trouble was that he was popular, and liked a good time. Nothing pleased him more than to spend as many hours as possible in an ale house, and make love to the girls who frequented the Drury Lane theatre area.

It was at this time he met, and became fascinated by Betty Lion, who was also known as Edgware Bess. She was a woman with a reputation, whose behaviour shocked all Jack's friends, but intrigued him. It was through her influence — or rather, to buy her the things she craved — that he began to use some dubious methods to acquire money.

They were a strange pair. Jack was short and slight, and Betty, at six foot two inches, towered over him. It was said that often, when he displeased her, she beat him. He was not without spirit himself, and gossips in the neighbourhood described some of their fights as epic encounters. Sometimes they would not speak to each other for weeks at a time. Eventually, conditions became so bad that Jack left her.

And yet, despite their quarrels, a strong bond of affection remained between them.

Jack Shepherd could no more live without a love affair than he could without breathing. Once more his fancy turned to one of the Drury Lane ladies, this time a woman with the unprepossessing name of Mrs Maggott. It was from here that his real criminal career started.

His infatuation blinded him to the evil character of Mrs Maggott. In fact, she had a contempt for him, and only made use of him to get money for herself , which she in turn spent on other men. One night Jack told her he had pawned his last possession, and was at his wit's end how to raise more money.

She said, thoughtfully: 'I was in Whitehorse Yard this afternoon. There is a general dealer there who is worth a great deal of money, which he keeps in a drawer under the counter. Besides, he has an enormous amount of clothing in stock.' She paused for a moment to let the implication sink in. 'I need some new dresses,' she added.

Jack took the hint. Shortly after that same midnight he was at the shop. He gained entry by removing iron bars guarding the cellar window. He stole a quantity of cash and clothing, which he gave to Mrs Maggott, who proceeded to squander the loot very rapidly.

Somehow — probably because he realised that he was risking his life for her — Jack at last became conscious of his *inamorata's* character. He had already decided to leave her, when he received news of Betty Lion.

'She tried to defraud a gentleman out of ten shillings this morning,' said his informant, 'and was arrested.'

Jack was strangely moved by the news. 'Where is she being held?' he asked.

'In a cell in St Giles Round House,' he was told. That night Jack Shepherd broke into the prison, picked the lock on the door of Betty Lion's cell, knocked out a warder who came on him unexpectedly, and led his tall sweetheart to safety.

From that moment, Jack became a hero in the eyes of the ladies of Drury Lane, and some of his fame seeped to other quarters of London.

His brother Thomas heard the gossip, and asked a girl who knew Jack to arrange a get-together. They met, and Jack immediately played the Good Samaritan. Hearing his brother was short of money, he pressed 40 shillings on Thomas to help him for the moment, and promised to do more in the near future.

The following night they robbed an ale house and Jack, in a fit of generosity, presented the entire amount so gained to his brother.

'Go and fit yourself out properly,' he said. 'I can't have you walking down Drury Lane looking like a beggar. I've got a reputation to keep up.'

Three weeks later they robbed the business premises of a draper, and got away with over £50 worth of goods. Thomas, acting very stupidly, was caught trying to sell some of the stolen items. He immediately repaid his brother's generosity by informing against him.

Jack was arrested, and was committed to the Round House for further examination.

This was the same place he had once broken *into* to rescue Betty Lion; breaking out, therefore, presented no difficulty. He picked the lock of his cell, mingled with some visitors, and left the prison with them — all in broad daylight. He had to find a convenient ale house to keep him occupied until the evening, when he had a robbery planned. This also went off without a hitch.

Not liking the life of a fugitive — it cramped his style with the ladies — Jack hid only until his brother had been transported to the colonies; at that time, transportation instead of hanging was the customary method of dealing with a criminal who turned informer.

Jack then managed to 'persuade' the draper to withdraw the charge against him, and once again he could strut the street in daylight.

He was at liberty for only a very short time. One day in a busy street a friend of his, Benson by name, made an unsuccessful attempt to snatch a man's watch, and was chased by a mob. In an effort to confuse the pursuers, and so let his friend escape, Jack pretended to be the fugitive by running ahead and in a different direction.

His ruse succeeded only too well. Benson got clean away but Jack, tripping over a sidewalk, was caught and charged with the crime.

He made no attempt to clear himself. He was committed to the New Prison while awaiting his trial.

The cell in which he was placed had a grille between it and the next cell. Jack gripped the bars, and pulled himself up to spy what was beyond them . . . and saw the prisoner there was Betty Lion.

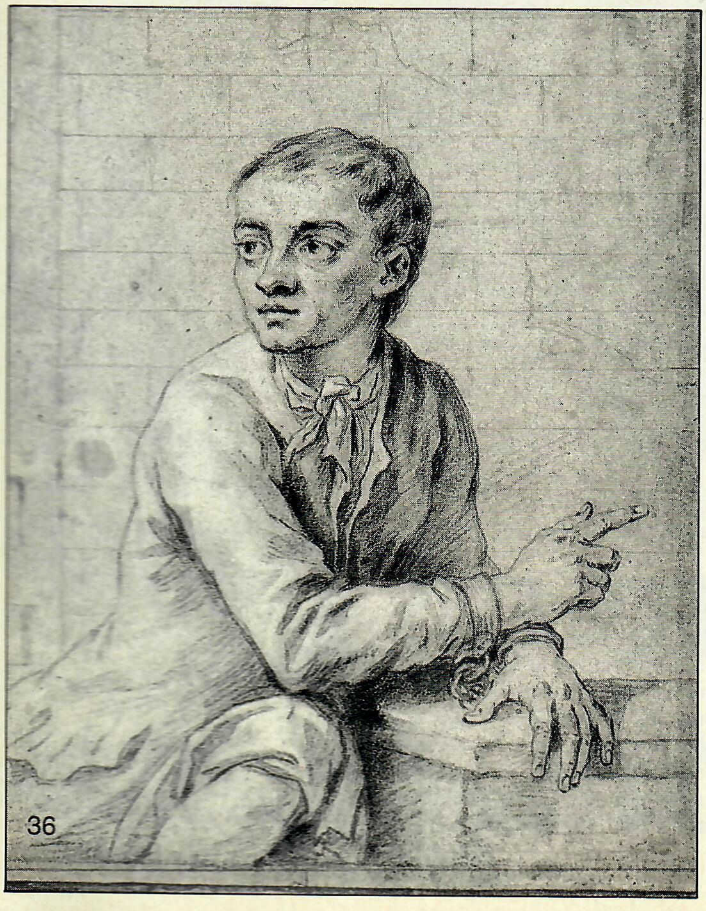
'I was arrested this morning,' she told him. 'Another gentleman — and another ten shillings. What are we going to do about it?'

'I'll show you tonight,' said Jack.

Somehow he managed to smuggle into the prison a sharp knife and a piece of wire. When all the other prisoners were sleeping he loosened one of the bars of the grille, then squeezed himself through the gap into Betty Lion's cell. He picked the lock on her door with the piece of wire. They walked down the gloomy corridors together, tip-toed past a sleepy turnkey without being seen, picked the lock on a side door, and got clean away. Since Jack had taken the precaution of locking all doors behind him, their joint disappearance was a great mystery.

Until the hue-and-cry died down, they lived together in a room given them by one of Betty's friends. Once again they began to quarrel

turn to page 62

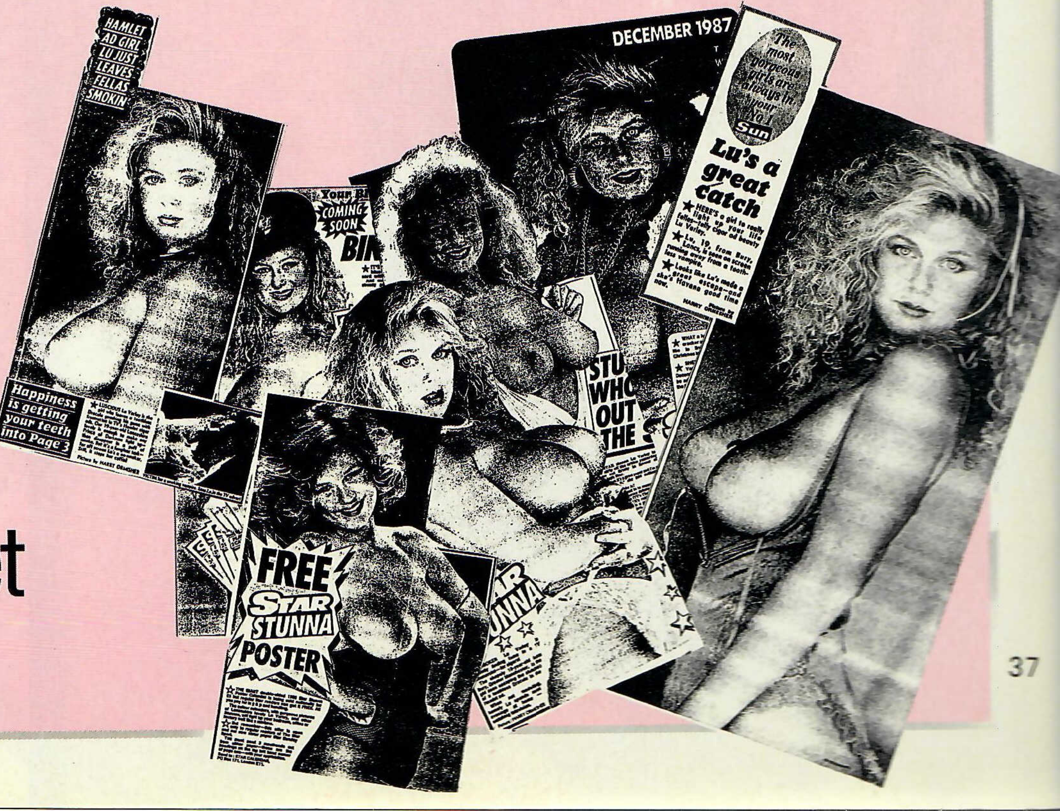


The only known portrait of Jack Shepherd, picturing him typically in a prison cell. In Newgate his notoriety made him a celebrity, visited — at a charge — by members of the nobility

Lu Varley

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

from *Page Three* to playing opposite *Hamlet*



HAMLET AD GIRL LU JUST LEAVES FELLAS SMOKIN'

Happiness is getting your teeth into Page 3

COMING SOON

FREE STAR STUNNA POSTER

DECEMBER 1987

The most gorgeous girls are always in your No 1 Sun

Lu's a great catch

★ HERE'S a girl to really light up your life fellas—telly cigar ad beauty Lu Varley.

★ Lu, 19, from Bury, Lancs, is seen on screen running away from a toothless vampire.

★ Looks like Lu's made a great escape—and she's Havana good time now.

Picture by HARRY ORMESHER

At *Mayfair*, we're used to odd questions, but 'Who's the girl bitten by the toothless Dracula in the Hamlet TV ad?' was one of the more bizarre. But after watching the commercial and consulting our cuttings, we know the answer. The lady is Lu Varley, the 19-year-old *Page Three* girl from Bury in Lancashire. 'Can you show her in the magazine?' was the next question, and had a far simpler solution.

As well as performing the fangless task of sucking up to a gummy vampire, Lu's 34-22-33 frame has graced the pages of most of the tabloid papers. Her support for topless pictures in the press is so great, she joined the fray on ITV's morning show *The Time, The Place* to defend them against fervent feminists. 'I'm proud to appear in the papers,' she said, so now she's showing that bit more in *Mayfair*.

Lu's only quibble about appearing in the press so often is that she has little time for boyfriends. Instead she likes to curl up in front of the television or help her Mum who's writing a cook book. Her favourite food is Indian, and the hot dish's ambition is to have bigger parts in films. And if there are any Counts out there thinking of sharing their cheroots with her, forget it. The Hamlet star doesn't smoke.

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Ed Alexander

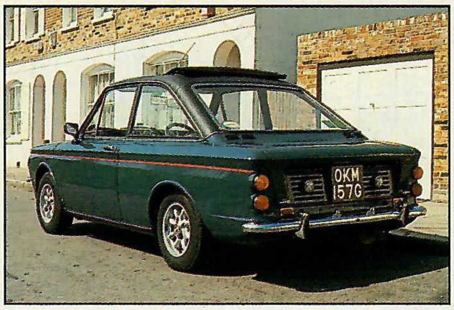
Twenty-five years ago, Hillman introduced the Imp. Equally at home on road, race track or rally special stage, this sporty small car was to appear in a variety of guises

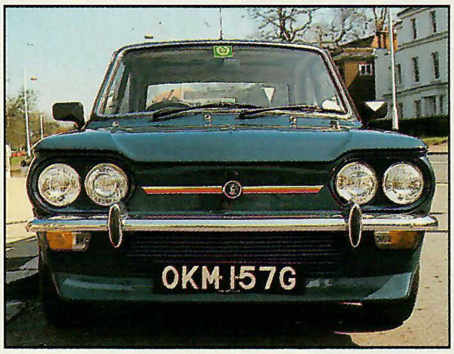
Visual IMPACT

The Hillman Imp will be remembered as an excellent little economy car, cheeky and cheery and fun to drive. Unfortunately for the Rootes Group, who built it in a special factory at Linwood in Scotland, it came too late. The date of the Imp's introduction was May 1963. By then, in a country always well provided with responsive small cars, Sir Alec Issigonis was well into production with his transverse-engined, front-wheel-drive, innovative Mini Minor for the British Motor Corporation, setting a trend that was soon to take a worldwide hold on automobile designers, and not only of the smallest cars.

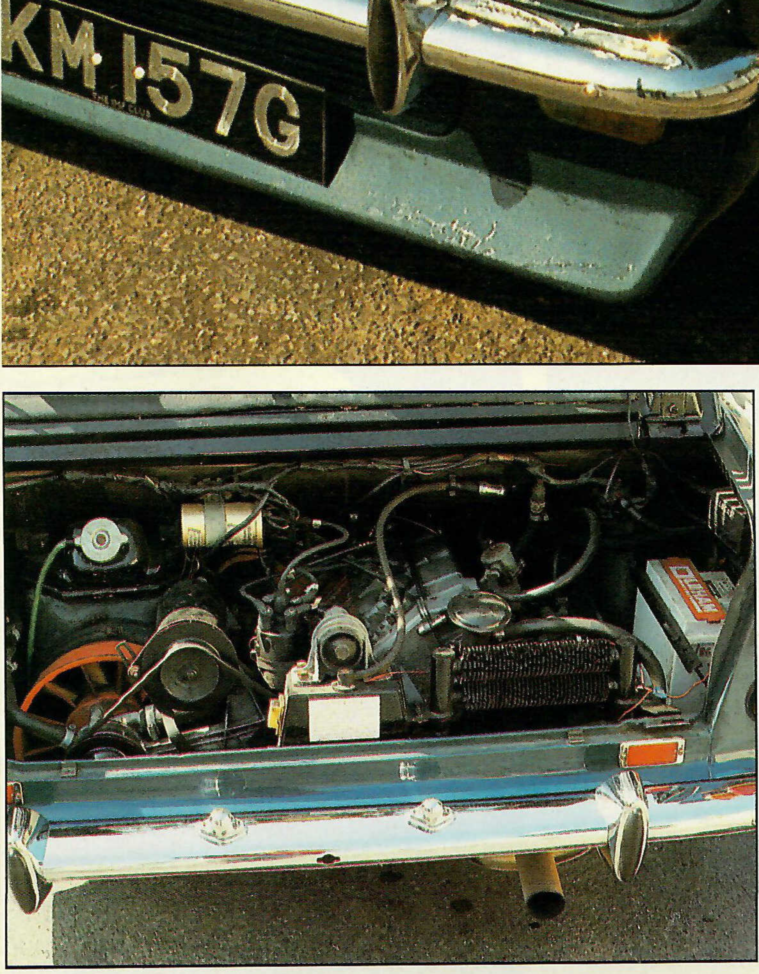
In contrast, those who engineered the Rootes Group's promising Imp opted for putting the engine at the back, in the boot as it were. Perhaps they were influenced by the incredible post-war success of the German Volkswagen Beetle and maybe by the Renault 4CV and the later Renault Dauphine of more curvaceous outline. But Issigonis had his Mini in production by 1959 and rear-engined cars began to fade, even at Renault. There had been good reason in the minds of the Imp's engineering team to use the rear-engine ploy, apart from the fact that Dr Porsche's VW Beetle was selling in millions. They were at their drawing-boards when most small cars were either front or rear-engined, with front-wheel-drive dormant until re-promoted by the brilliant Alec Issigonis. They intended to adapt the Coventry-Climax engine which had served so well during the war in portable fire-pump equipment, notably during the London Blitz. As this power-pack was light, made largely of aluminium components, and also of advanced concept, with an overhead-camshaft, it seemed quite reasonable to plant it behind the driver.

The problem with cars in which you drive with your back to the engine is usually that of a heavy



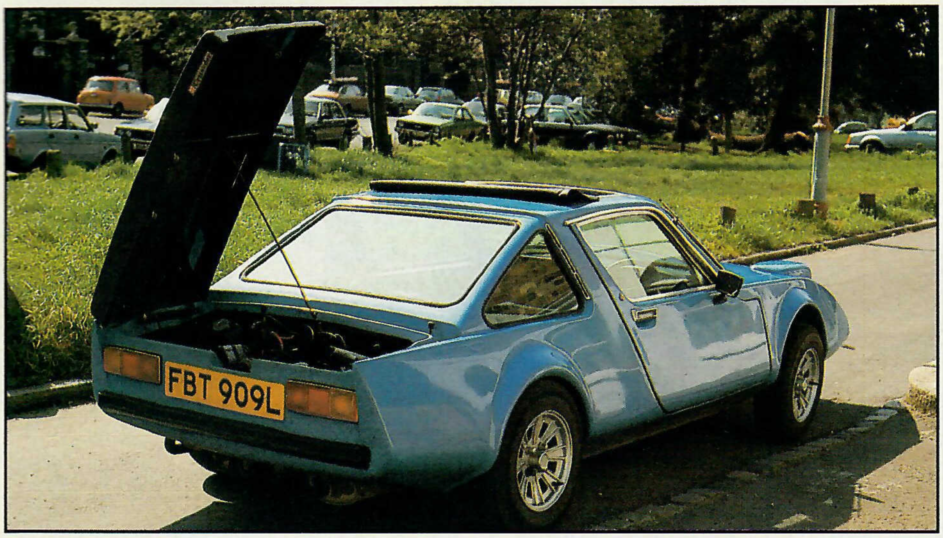


Main picture and this page, top: front and rear views of a Sunbeam Stiletto, a fastback version of the Sunbeam Imp saloon introduced in 1967. This page, the Stiletto head-on. The 875 cc fixed-head coupé was almost identical to the Hillman Californian Imp made at the same time. Immediate right: a close-up the Imp's light, ultra-compact engine 'in the boot'.



Hillman Imps are now becoming popular collectables and examples of original models in fair, working condition — like the above — are still reasonably easy to obtain and restore to full show room conditions.

Main picture and right: a Clan Crusader kit-built sports car based on the Imp's exemplary Coventry-Climax engine. This page, top: another Crusader with, middle, a rear view showing the unique means of access to the 'unburstable' power unit. Bottom: still stunning after 14 years. The Crusader was produced between 1972 and 1974. Its light, aerodynamic body maximised the Imp engine's full potential.

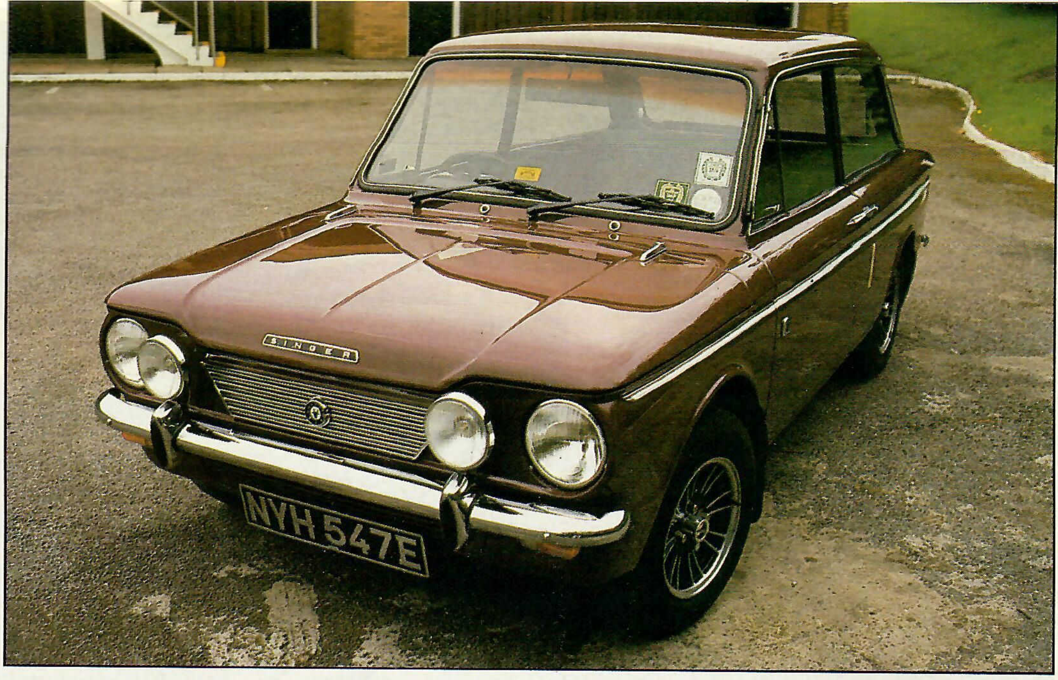


Clan
Q553 WAK

tail-end, causing over-steer on corners. That is, the heavy tail flies out as you drive round. This was very evident in the VW Beetle with its swing-axle, rear suspension, which encouraged the back wheels to tuck in and under as the recalcitrant tail of the thing swung outwards. This was no real problem in normal motoring and was eventually improved by different back springing and a change of tyres. In giving the Rootes Group a much-needed, very small-engined car, the Imp's innovators decided a light engine, in conjunction with trailing-arm rear suspension, would avoid this unpleasant, even dangerous, over-steer characteristic. They were right! Few complaints were levelled at the way a Hillman Imp could be hustled round corners. Indeed, the whole design was neat and acceptable. The engine was a water-cooled four-cylinder of 60.37 x 67.99 mm, giving a capacity to the cylinders of 875 cc. That was about the norm for a baby-car power unit, at that time and in the decade prior to World War Two. The immortal Austin Seven, first edition, weaned in 1923, was about 100 cc smaller, the Fiat Topolino or Mouse even less capacious, but around 850 cc sufficed for most of the so-called Baby Cars. The Imp's engine was light, as I have explained, the cylinder block being of aluminium with inserted cast-iron liners, and the head, under that 'upstairs' chain-driven camshaft, was also of this material.

The roller-chain driving the camshaft had 82 links of 9.5 mm pitch. Cooling was by means of a centrifugal pump gear-driven from the crankshaft and feeding at 50 lb/sq in when the oil was hot, through a Tecalemit full-flow filter. Camshaft and crankshaft both ran in three bearings and the solid-skirt pistons had steel H

The IMP Club
UGW 617F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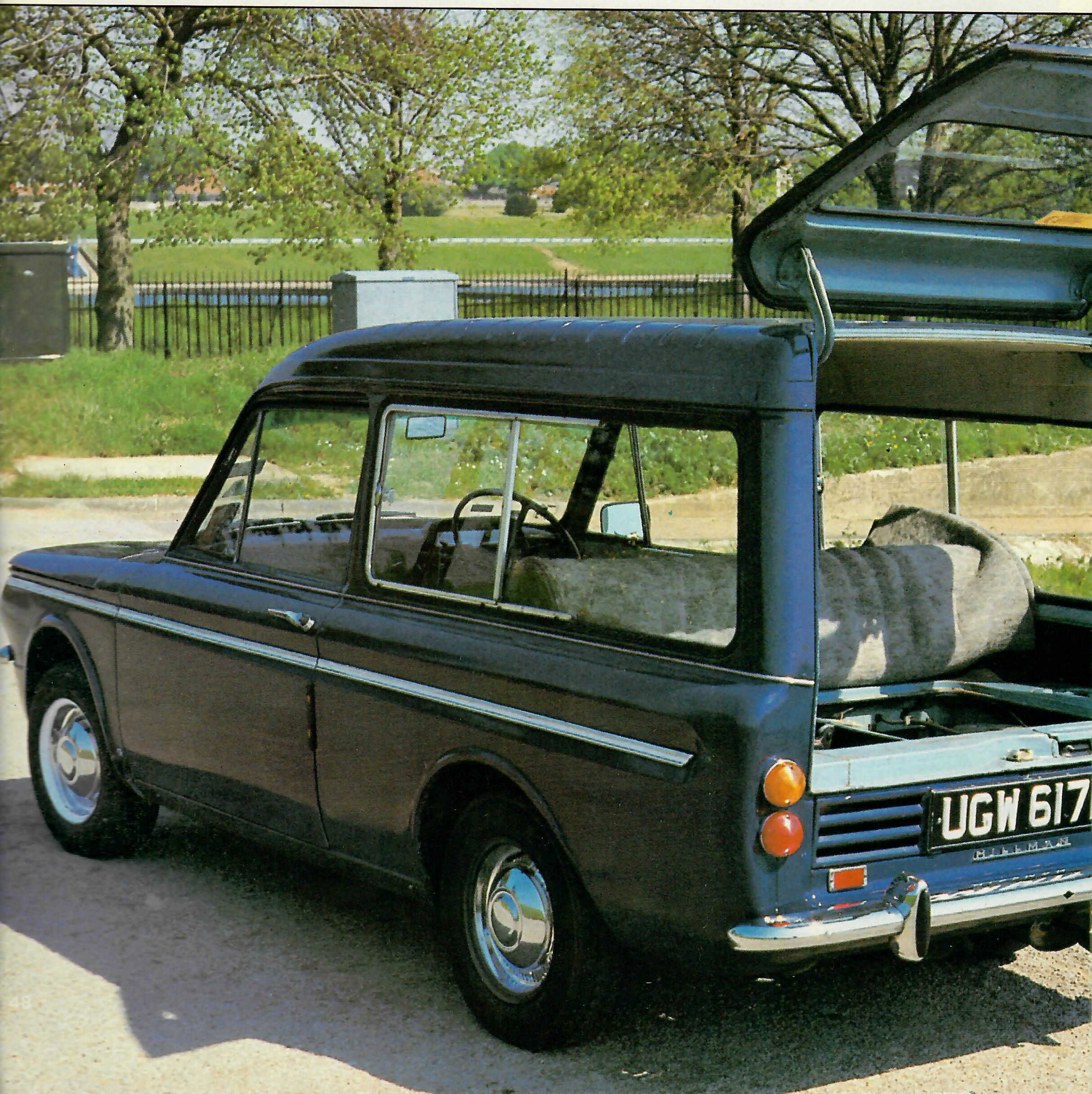

UGW 617
HILLMAN

Main picture and far left, middle: a Hillman Husky estate; its rear Imp engine demanded the unusually lofty roof. Far left, top, centre top and this page, bottom: views of the Singer Chamois. Like Sunbeam's Stiletto, immediately below, another version of the Imp from a Rootes Group marque. Near left: a Hillman Imp works rally car.

section connecting rods. The sump contained 5½ pints of lubricant and the petrol tank six gallons. Perhaps encouraged by the light-alloy head, the designers used the high compression-ratio of 10 to 1 (later 8 to 1 for the van version of the Imp or for those needing to use lower-octane petrol in their saloons). If you want to compare the Hillman Imp's size with modern small cars, it had a wheelbase of 6 ft 10 in, a track of 4 ft 1¼ in front, 4 ft rear and an overall length of 11 ft 7 in, *sans* bumper over-riders, in its original form. It weighed 1,560 lb (or 708 kg).

The efficient little engine developed 41.7 bhp (gross) without any tuning and it was a willing revver, pushing out this power at 5,000 rpm but able to cope with well over 6,000 rpm in hotted-up pre 'warmed' forms. The engine was mated to an all-syncho four-speed gearbox with, as I remember, a very nice shift. Final drive was to a transaxle and the standard gearing such that at 1,000 rpm in the highest gear you were running at 15 mph. A jolly nice little package, in fact, but just a little late in the field. As the front suspension was by coil springs to a swing-axle, the Imp boasted independent springing all round. It had good if square looks, too, with that efficient engine under a sort of piano-lid behind the rear window. In its time, the Imp was rallied

successfully and even raced. In production terms it was developed as the Singer Chamois, and the Sunbeam Stiletto Imp, Rootes having absorbed both these illustrious companies. By late 1966, sport versions of both were available, with the output of the 875 cc engine increased to 55 bhp by the use of twin Stromberg CDS carburettors, a four-branch exhaust system and a high-lift camshaft, a very good example of rally cars influencing the cars you could buy. To safeguard the raised performance an oil radiator, brake servo and radial-ply tyres had been added.

In fact, prior to this, other improvements had been made to the original Imp, such as larger inlet and exhaust valves, a manual instead of an automatic choke (the reverse of normal), 4½ in wheel-rims (the tyres were 5.20 x 12 Dunlop C41s or Goodyear C8s on the standard saloon and coupé) 6¼ in diameter instead of 5½ and Laycock clutch. Girling hydraulic drum brakes sufficed to curb the little scurrier, but the tuning boys contrived discs.

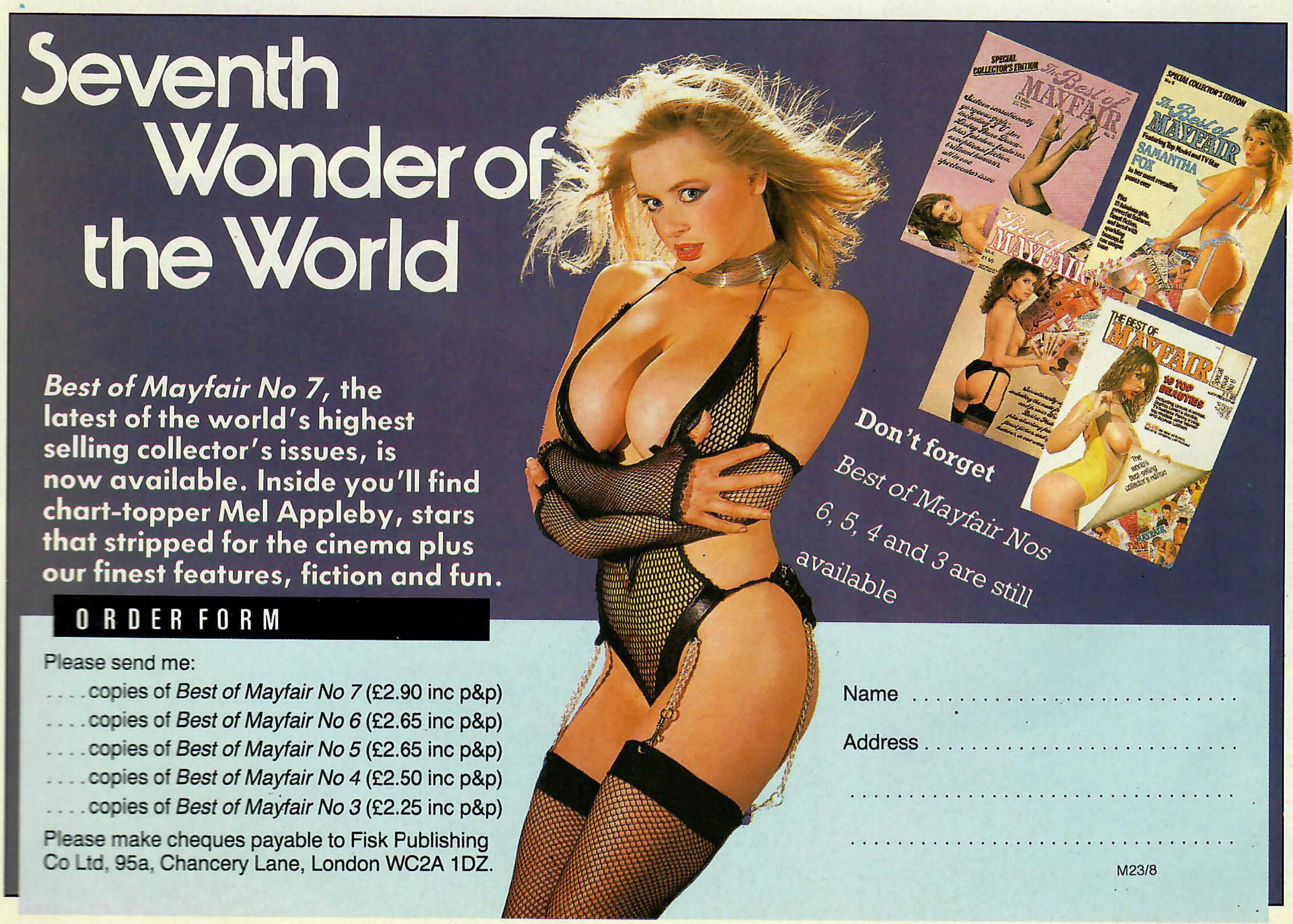
That was the jolly little Imp and when I first went to live in a remote part of Wales, some 25 years ago, they were frequently encountered, and found favour with the girls, along with more staid Austin A30s and 35s for the flat-hatted farmers. You still sometimes see those Imps and A35s but time has taken its toll and Morris Minors and early Mini Minors have outlasted most of them. A sadness, for the Imps were so pleasant to handle and they really went in tuned guise. Even the weight of the engine, light as it was, at the rear was an aid to getting up trials hills. Moreover, the ex fire-fighting power unit was well nigh un-burstable.

I was once lent a mildly-modified Culverstone Service station 998 cc Hillman Imp for a Motor Cycling Club London-Lands End trial. The event dates back to 1910 and still involves long night runs, and awards based mainly on successfully climbing steep, rough and often very slippery hills or 'observed sections'. Naturally, before coming to the first of the observed ascents, I enquired of the owner what revs I should take his engine to. 'Just keep your foot on the floor', I was told. I did, and to this day I am astonished at the punishment that tiny power pack in the back took, without packing up. It must have been turning at 7,000 rpm up those West Country gradients, the chassis taking much stick too, bouncing and crashing over rocky outcrops. The Imp did stop once, just beyond the end of one of the observed hills, because it had revved so fast the fan belt had turned inside out. That was quickly rectified and on we went. I muffed the driving-tests, never having been able to reverse (but don't tell my Institute of Advanced Driving Test examiner!), so only gained a Finishers' Certificate.

Incidentally, any car or motorcycle buff who lives in the West of England or in the Lake District is recommended to go and watch these classic MCC trials, which attract hundreds of varied entries, usually with a Hillman Imp (or variant) among them. It was the light weight and good reliable power output of the Imp engine that caused it to be used by such makers of specialised sports cars as Bond, Ginetta, TVR and Clan. Their choice was endorsed by the track of successes of the cars, notably Alan Fraser's team, driven in the British Saloon Car Championship of 1966 by Calcutt, Unett and Brittan. They came second that year, scoring 30 first, 19 second and 13 third places in such races, and, using fuel-injection engines or Weber carbs, 20 wins in 29 races in 1967, when the team was again second in the Championship, behind the Broadspeed Ford Anglias. The Sunbeam Stiletto Sport versions run in rallies by the factory were of 998 cc, or were even enlarged to a litre, when some 115 bhp were claimed.

Yet when the Hillman Imp was a brand new car all this fun was available for £508, and the De-Luxe saloon for £532, plus a few shillings over occasioned by purchase-tax being included in these prices. The example I drove hard in 1964 gave 33 mpg of fuel, which I thought poor, and the speedometer was marked for maxima of 20,35,53 and 70 mph in the four forward gears. In fact, Rootes claimed a top speed of 77 to 80 mph. It all came to an end when Chrysler acquired the Rootes Group and Linwood was closed down. Today, the excellent Peugeot 309 and 405 cars are made in the one-time Rootes factory at Ryton outside Coventry. It was not only the saloon and fastback Imps and derivatives that were fun. Because of the rear engine, the van had to have a high floor, compensated for by a lofty roof, and much the same applied to the Hillman Husky Estate car, which could therefore claim to be one of the only small cars you could drive while wearing a top hat.

If you feel the urge to look for an Imp, you are advised to contact the Imp Club, Secretary R Knight, 71, Inglesham Road, Penhill, Swindon, SN2 5DJ.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M23/8

ANNABEL

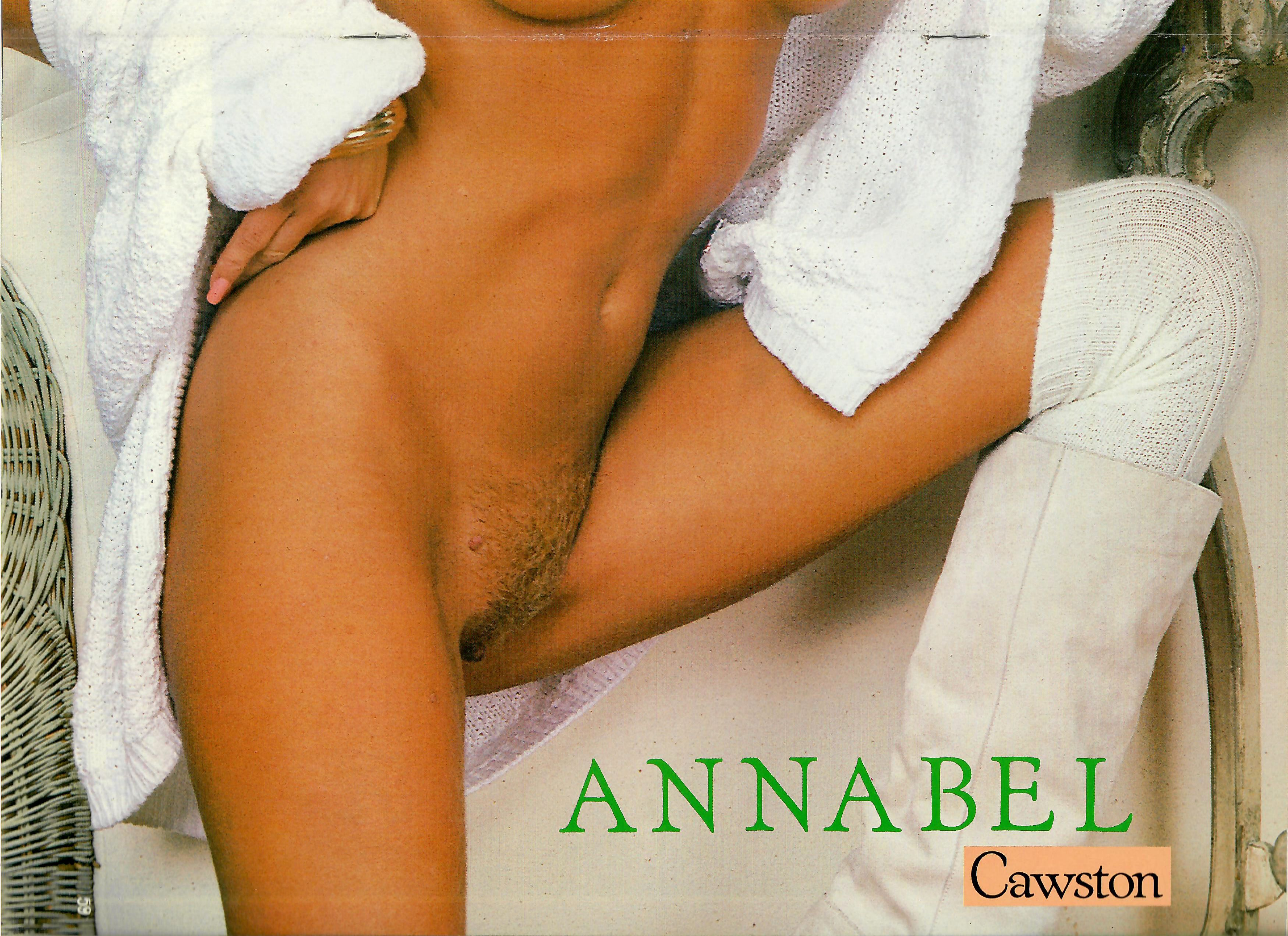
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY LONDONER

Twenty-three-year-old Annabel Cawston thoroughly enjoys being sociable, or rather *social*, which is just as well as she earns her living as a social secretary for a company chairman who is 'very big in the City. I'm afraid he wouldn't appreciate it if I told you his name,' smiles this 5 foot 9 inch, 36-24-35 blonde. Her typical day might begin with a morning reception, go on to a garden party, and end with a dinner for 20 at a smart London venue.

'It's actually *very* hard work,' she says. 'I have to keep everyone happy all the time. It's like a non-stop juggling act.' Fluency in French and German with a smattering of Japanese helps. 'Though I once asked a Tokyo businessman what he wanted for dessert — in Japanese — and he spent the rest of the day trying to touch me up. Apparently I'd made a very rude suggestion! Sex and work do not mix.' Which made it a refreshing change to pose for us. 'This is the *real* me!'

MAYFAIR

Girl of the month



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M23/8

The original Jack-the-lad

continued from page 36

violently. It did not take long before Jack decided the risk of being arrested was the lesser of two evils.

He went into partnership with a man called Charles Grace. The two of them burgled a house, and then quarrelled violently over the division of the spoils. The dispute was so noisy that neighbours called the authorities. Grace was arrested, but Jack, as usual, showed a clean pair of heels.

For a long time thereafter Jack Shepherd avoided trouble, but that did not mean he was idle. He performed a number of successful robberies, together with a gang he organised, the two chief members of which were Joseph Blake, known as Blueskin, and James Sikes *alias* Hell and Fury.

At first they disposed of their stolen property through a receiver named William Field, of whom Jack said: 'He is a fellow wicked enough to do anything, but so cowardly he was scared to do more than receive stolen goods.'

Disposal of the goods through Field proved too slow, in terms of the turnover of the gang, so they conceived the idea of hiring a warehouse near the Thames, where they stored most of the stolen property, and were taken for wholesale traders by their neighbours.

Hearing of this, for once in his life Field took direct action. He burgled the warehouse. The neighbours reported the place broken into, and the authorities investigated. What goods they did find in the building were quickly identifed as stolen property. Knowing nothing of this, Jack came to his office in the morning, was promptly arrested, and rushed to trial at the Old Bailey.

Once again he offered no defence. He was sentenced to death, and removed to Newgate prison to await execution. On arrival, the first thing he did was bribe a warder to take a letter to Betty Lion.

High up on the wall of his cell, and facing a courtyard, was a small barred window. Late one night, Jack persuaded the two men who shared the cell with him to stand one on top of the other, against the wall under the window. With surprising agility, he shinned up this human ladder. He put his head between the bars, twisted his slight frame so as to wiggle his shoulders through, then followed with the rest of his body. He dropped to the courtyard.

Three women were waiting for him, and one was over six foot tall. The four then moved to the outer door of the courtyard, opened it, and walked into the street.

In the courtyard, but at the opposite end, four warders, deep in conversation, noticed nothing.

The escape caused a sensation.

So also did the news of Jack's next robbery, performed in broad daylight. He fastened the outer door of a jeweller's establishment with rope, so it could not be opened from the inside. Then, with the greatest nonchalance he jumped through a side window, and started to gather up some watches.

The jeweller ran for the front door to get help, but it would not open. He turned back . . . but by this time Jack was gone. With the stolen watches in his pocket, he walked past the front entrance to Newgate prison on his way to a receiver.

Three days later, while walking on Finchley Common, he was arrested and once more committed to Newgate.

This time, no chances were taken. He was put in a cell known as the Stone Room. Heavy handcuffs were placed on his wrists; similar irons were on his ankles, and the chain linking them was locked to an iron staple set into the stone of the floor. He was in solitary confinement.

Somewhere, he found a crooked nail. With it, he picked the lock holding the chain to the staple. Now, though still fettered hand and foot, he could at least move around, and had partial use of his hands. This was during the last hours of daylight, and it was not yet dark when he found what he wanted.

Scratching and probing with the nail, he was eventually able to loosen and pull out two of the squares of stone cemented together to form the walls of his cell. He crawled through the hole so created, and found himself in the shaft of a chimney. Edging his way up, he came to a fireplace in a cell called the Red Room, which had not been used for many years.

The door was locked, but he still had his nail. In a few moments it was open. He stepped into a corridor which led to the prison chapel. Once there, his quick eye noticed that a spike on top of the door was loose. He pulled it off, using it to lever the locks of four other doors that stood between him and the roof of the prison.

This point gained, he was as far away from freedom as ever. He was at the back of the prison. Immediately below him as a sheer drop, and below that a dark alley, from where he could easily get to his friends. But to reach the alley . .?

He thought: 'Without a rope, I am as much a prisoner here as I was in the Stone Room.' And then remembered there was a blanket in his original cell.'

He shrugged fatalistically. Back he went by the way he had come. In the Stone Room he paused only long enough to tear the blanket into strips, which he plaited together. Working in complete darkness, he had no real idea of the length of this rope; but he was willing to accept the risk for the sake of achieving freedom.

With his new asset wound around his body, once again he made his tortuous way to the roof. He tied one end of the rope to a stone projection, and let the other end fall into the darkness. He peered to see how far it reached, but could make out nothing in the night.

Again he shrugged his shoulders. He had no alternative.

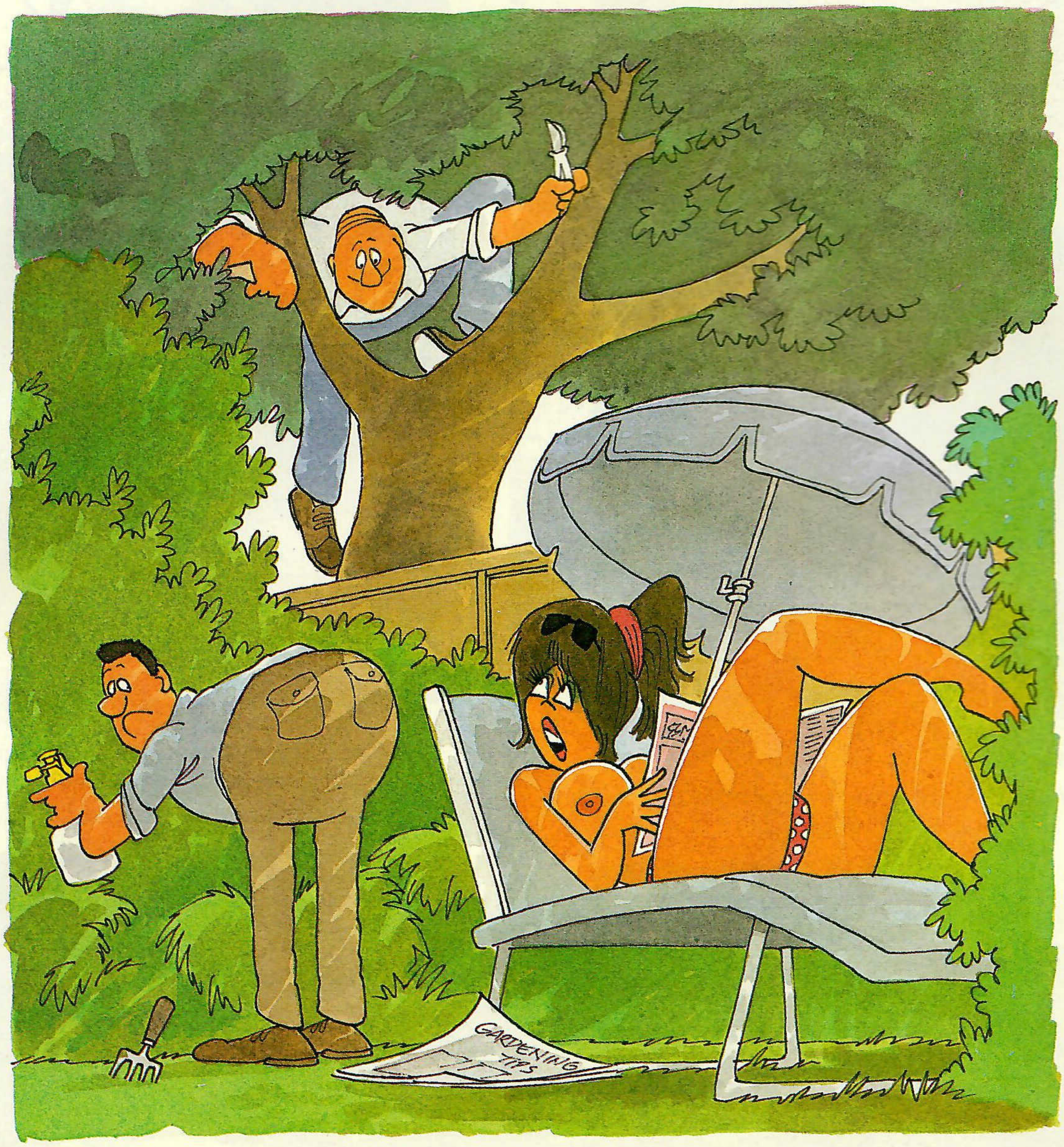
He swung himself over the the parapet, gripped the rope firmly and eased himself down its length. When he reached the end of the rope, he stretched his legs down as far as they would go. They still encountered no solid base, and he could see nothing. Bracing himself for the shock of a big drop, he released his grip on the rope and found the ground no more than six inches below him.

Quickly, and through quiet alleys, he made his way to Betty Lion.

All she could do was arrange to smuggle him out of London in a cart under a load of produce. Once he reached the country he had to fend for himself.

He hid during daylight. He could do nothing else, because the irons on his hands and feet made it obvious that he was a fugitive from justice. But at night he could move around. He stole food, but

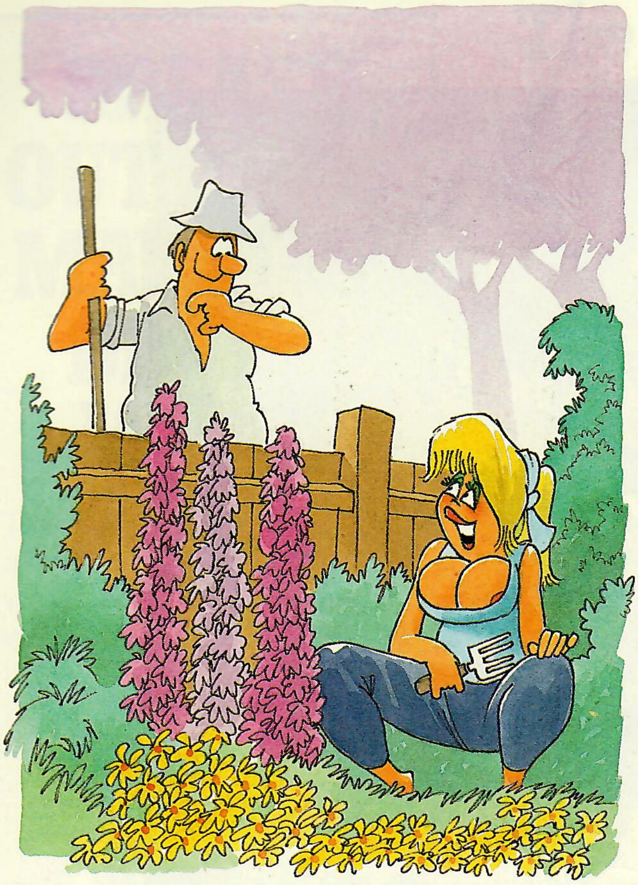
turn to page 106



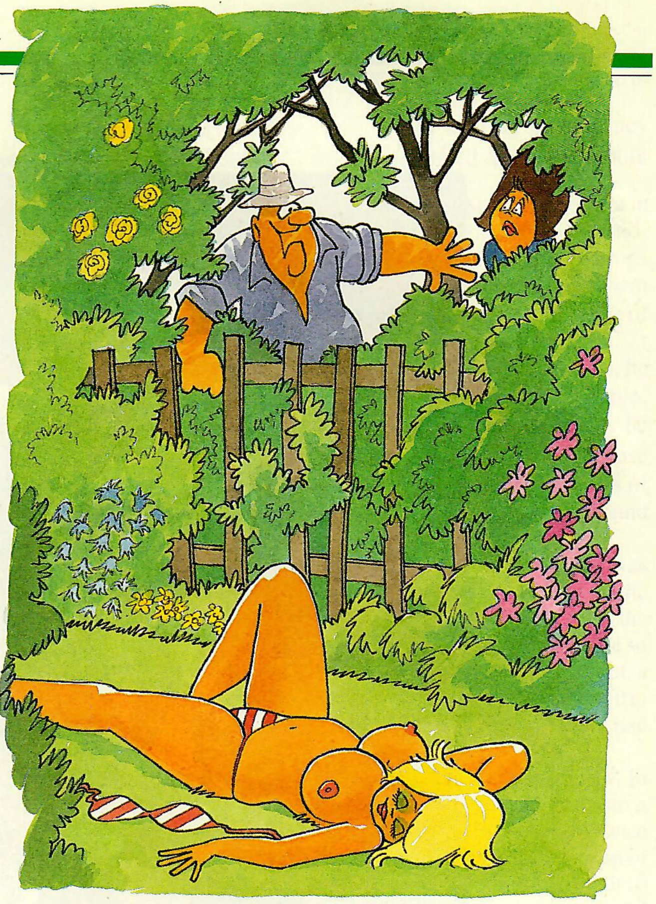
'You really must have a word with Mr Fenton, darling, this is the wrong time of year for him to be pruning his Liquidambar Styraciflua.*'*

Lay it with flowers

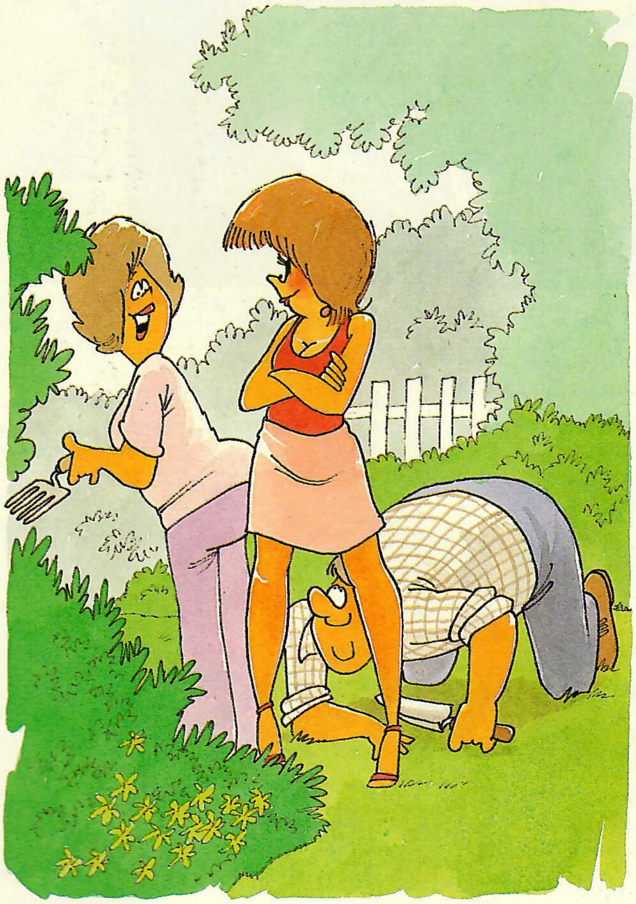
When Tennyson said, 'Come into the garden, Maud,'
he was only acknowledging that flowers often lead to deflowering.
Cartoonist Anthony offers a nosegay of naughties



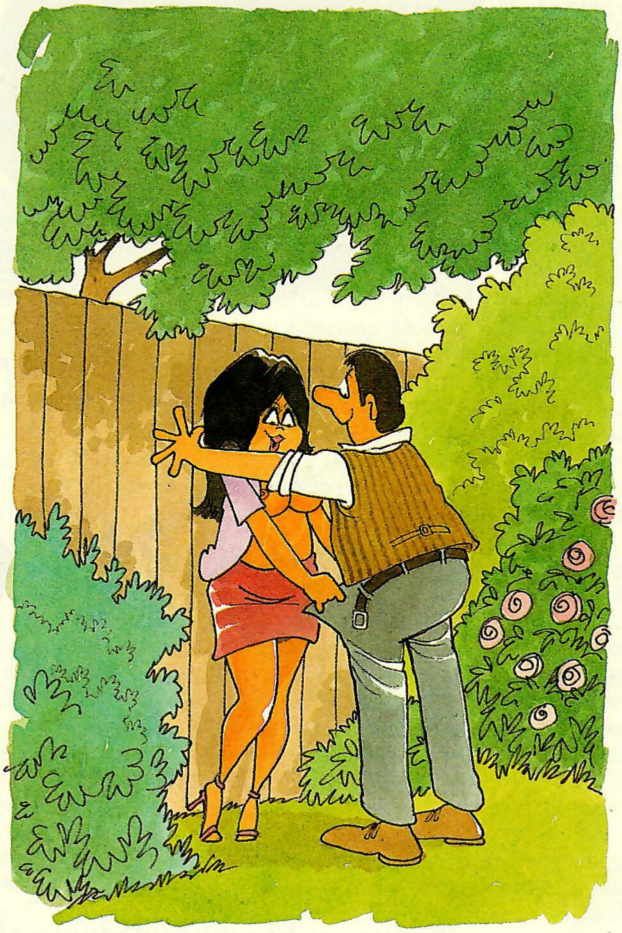
'I'm thinking of exhibiting them at the local country show . . .'



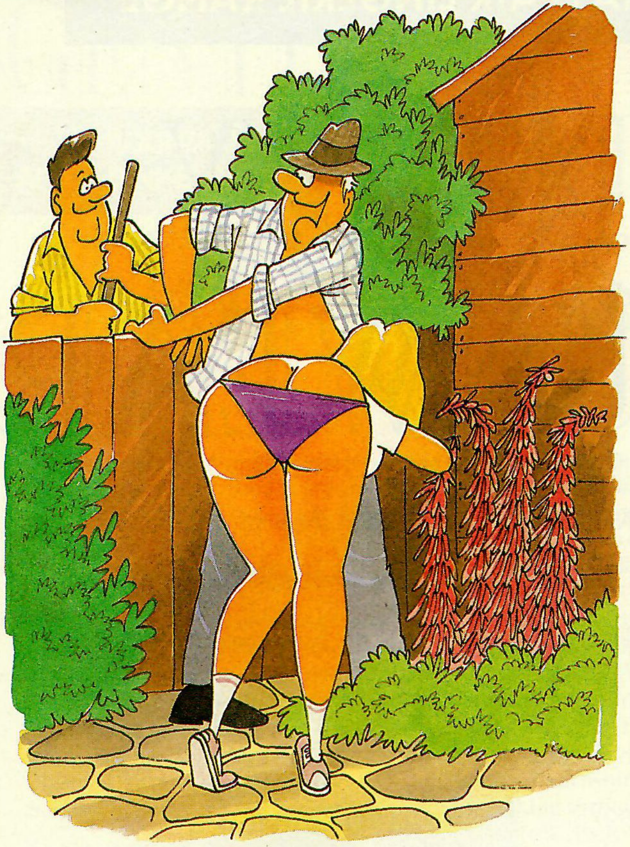
'It's okay, darling, nothing for you to worry about — just a bare patch on next door's lawn.'



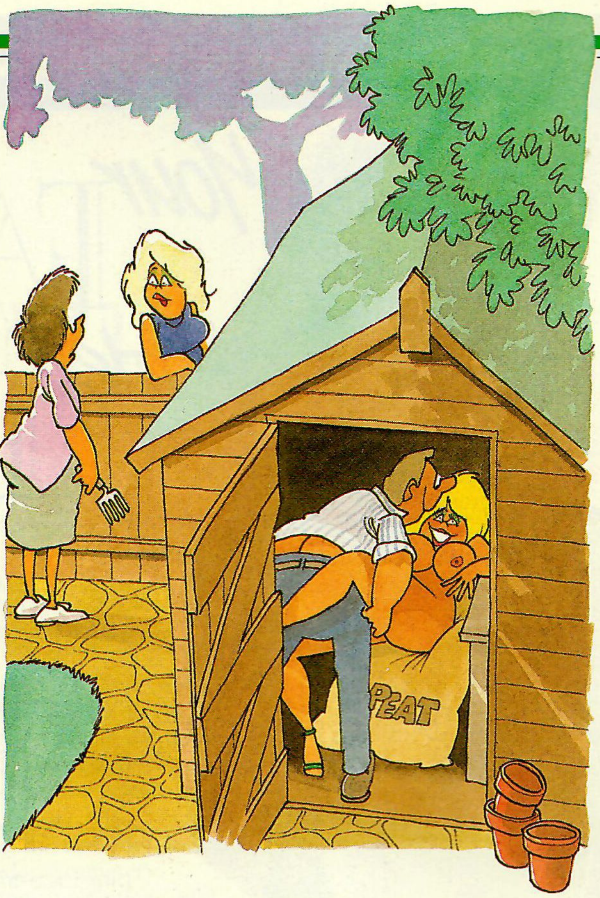
'Trevor is always on the look-out for new bushes to propagate.'



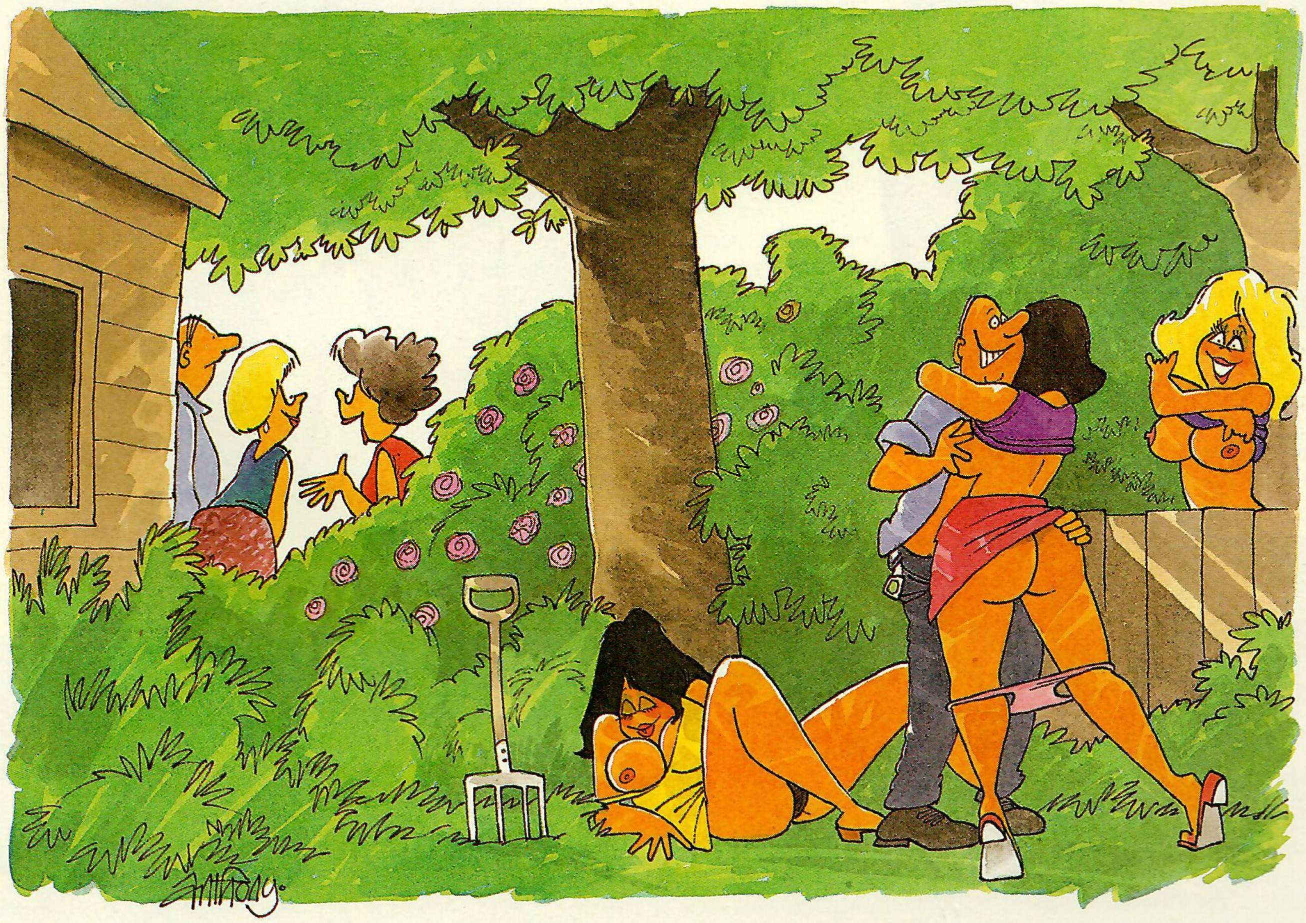
'It's amazing just how quickly some varieties grow!'



'Your wife has kindly popped over to see if she can do anything to stop my red hot poker from wilting.'



'He won't allow me anywhere near the shed when he's cross-pollinating.'



'It's best not to disturb Arnold. He's busy sowing a few late seeds.'

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GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME . . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

One Saturday morning, a Welsh farmer was climbing aboard the train at Cardiff with just a Bible in his hand when his friend Dai spotted him.
'Hello there, Evan, where are you off to, then?' he asked.
'Well, Dai bach, I've been hearing so much about Soho and those strip clubs, the booze, and them fancy, easy-living girls, I'm going to London to see for myself.'
'So why the Bible, Evan?'
'Well, Dai, I though that if it's as much fun as everyone says it is, I might stay over till Sunday.'

Quasimodo was sitting at home waiting for his evening meal when his mother came in carrying a wok.
'Oh goody!' he cried. 'We're having Chinese for supper!'
'No, you silly bugger,' replied his mother. 'I'm just going to iron your shirts.'

On a notice board in the Institute for Classical Studies:
'Pandora's box was depilated.'

At a gym in the heart of London's bustle,
Jane was training an Adonis called Russell,
But she was given the sack
When she was caught out the back
Firming up one particular muscle.

A late result from the Ladies World Show Jumping Championships. In the jump-off, Miss Daphne Woodley-Smythe got three faults for a refusal and Helena Rose-Masterson got £10 for an acceptance.

Two Lancashire lads, Bill and Tom, were walking through the local cemetery.
'By 'eck, there's a funny inscription,' said Bill pointing to one of the gravestones. 'It says, "Lord, I am Thin."'
'No, don't you see, an E has dropped off,' replied Tom.
'Aye you're right,' responded Bill. 'I get it now. It should read, "E Lord, I am Thin."'

Young Tom arrived home one night covered in blood and sporting a black eye and numerous bruises. His parents were aghast, and immediately asked what had happened.
'Mr Goldstein down the road beat me up,' said hapless Tom.
'Right, we'll see about that,' replied his father putting on his jacket and storming out of the house.
A few minutes later he arrived at Maurice Goldstein's palatial home, marched up the drive, and hammered on the door.
'What do you mean hitting my son like that?' he shouted when the old man answered.
'Well you see,' he replied quietly. 'Your boy was in the front room last night with my daughter Ruth, and when I went in, he had her blouse undone and was fondling her breasts . . .'
'Oh I see,' said Tom's father.
'But I didn't mind too much about that, after all we all get up to that sort of thing at his age. Then a little later on I walked in and he had her skirt up, and was pushing her against the wall about to make love to my little Ruthie . . .'
'Oh! Well, look, I'm sorry . . .'
'But I didn't mind about that either, thinking I would have done the same at his age,' continued the old man. 'Then when I went in a third time he was wiping his cock on the curtains. Now they're best velvet, £25.50 a yard . . .'

Two secretaries sat talking in the wine bar one lunchtime.
'My new employer said he wanted to exercise his prerogative as my boss . . .'
'Really?' said her friend. 'What does that mean?'
'I'd no idea till last night,' she said, then added dreamly, 'Boy, has he got a huge prerogative — and the way he used it . . .'

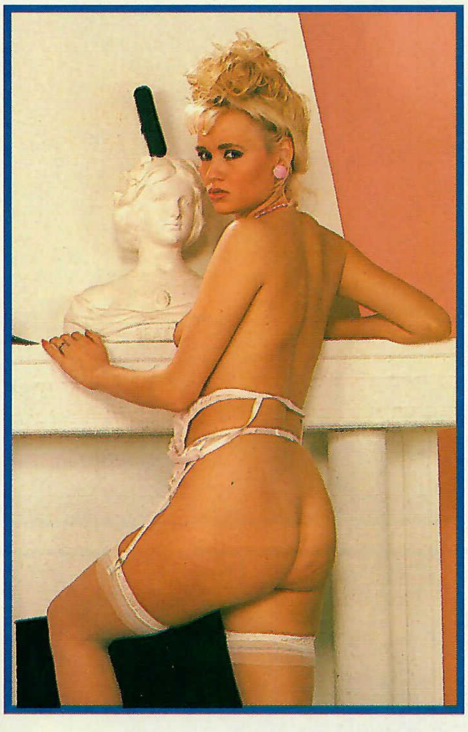
Rick and Tony, two gay young men, had lived together for many years but recently had had more than their share of lover's tiffs. Finally it all got too much and amidst great tears, Rick packed his handbag, and vanity case, and minced as angrily as possible out of the door. As he took one final look back at the home that had given him so much pleasure for many years, he spotted Tony's bare bottom pointing out of an upstairs window. As a final farewell Tony farted loudly . . .
'No, it's no good, Tony, I've made up my mind,' said Rick indignantly. 'I don't care how many kisses you blow me . . .'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Invididual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

Nathalie

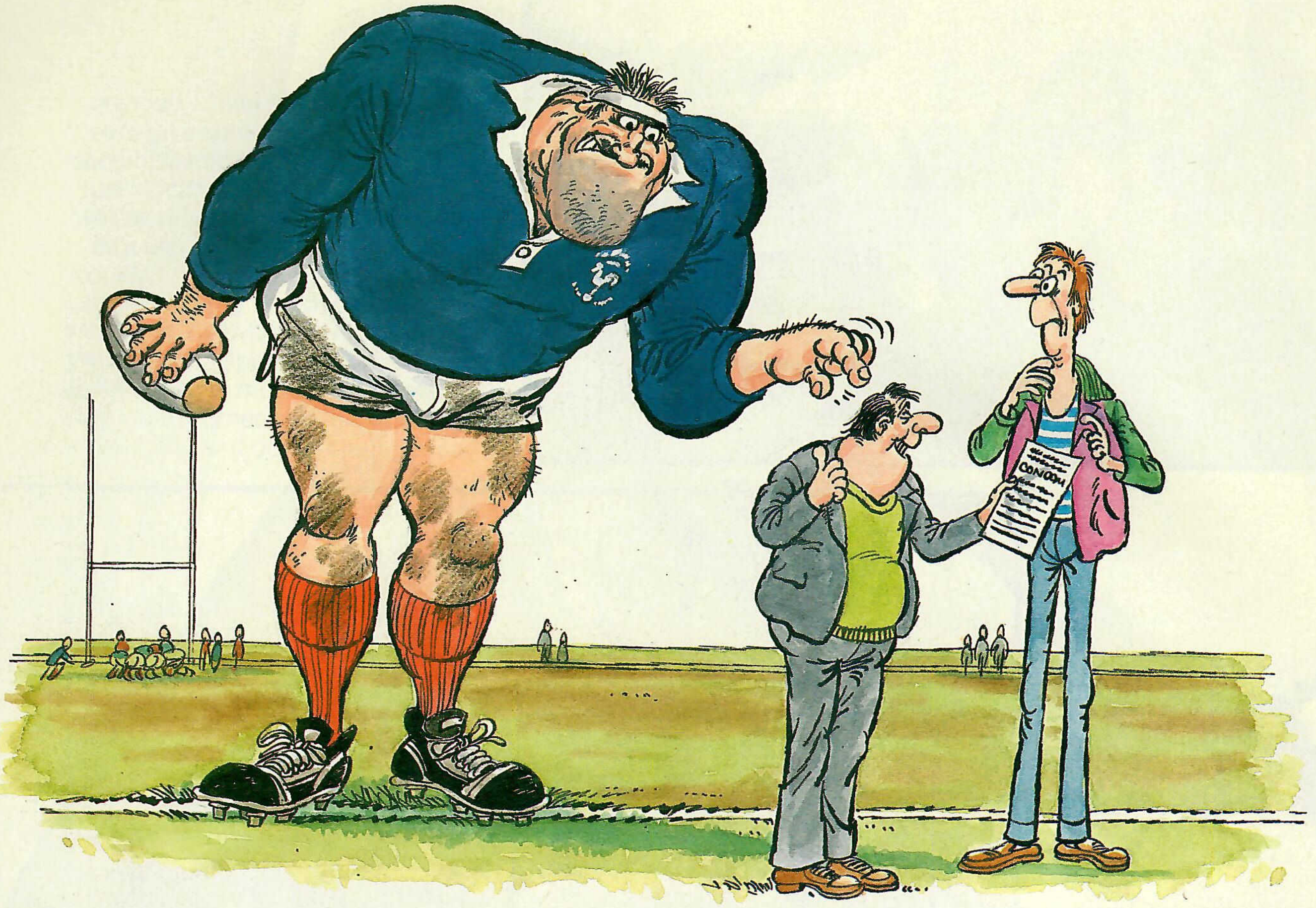
When 21-year-old Nathalie Cox told us the job she had most enjoyed doing was chauffering a young self-made millionaire it seemed only reasonable to give our readers the benefit of her 34-23-35 inches inside the sort of uniform she used to wear. 'It wasn't *quite* the same,' smiles Nathalie, who hales from Southampton. 'It was actually grey, and definitely *not* see-through. But I often wore only a bra and knickers underneath — with a suspender belt, of course.'



She chuckles at the memory. 'My boss had just sold his company for an awful lot of money, and he didn't really have anything to do but spend it. He didn't actually need a chauffeur at all; he just fancied the idea of one. I used to spend most of my time driving him to big social events. Every day he tried to guess what colour knickers I was wearing, but I never let him find out for himself. Not while I was working anyway!' It was the same boss who suggested she try modelling.

'I enjoyed it,' she says, 'but I wouldn't like to give up working with cars.' An accomplished mechanic, she's taken part in numerous amateur rallies, as well as driven mini-cabs and worked as a secondhand car saleslady. 'I couldn't help pointing out each car's problems. They decided I'd be better employed elsewhere!' Not surprisingly the men who appeal to Nathalie need to have strong motoring connections. 'My ideal is Emerson Fittipaldi — he's dark, Latin and doesn't hang about!'

ILLUSTRATED BY
GRAHAM ALLEN



Protection against dirty hookers? One French Rugby Union player rejoices in the name Monsieur J Condom.

Whether it's rugby player Monsieur Condom or risk expert John Chicken, some names are just uncalled-for

Naff names and terrible titles

(as Martin Felix Oddsocks McWeirdo El Tutti Fruiti Farto Hello Hippopotamus Bum might even admit . . .)

Humour by
Bill Lythgoe

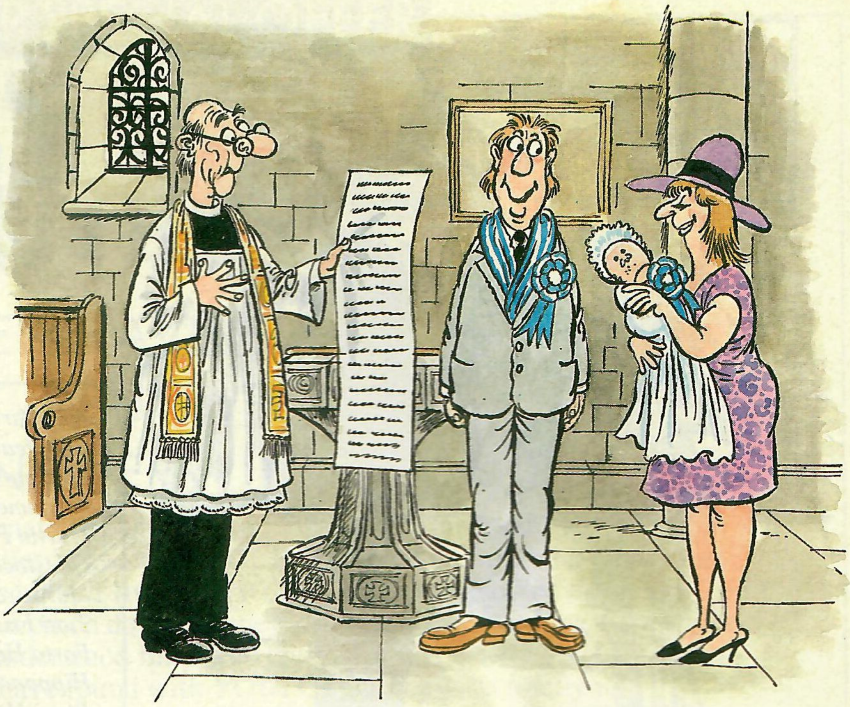
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

Would Shakespeare have written those immortal words if he were alive today? Somehow I doubt it. As an expert manipulator of the media of his day he would soon cotton on to the current predominance of the image, and the consequent importance of the name in promoting that image. The amount of agonising we have seen over the new name for the Liberal/SDP Alliance should be enough to convince anyone. When it comes to winning votes, the Party's title is far more significant than its actual policies.

The owners of Harrods of Knightsbridge go to extraordinary lengths to ensure that no-one else makes use of their name and logo. In 1986 a Leeds market stallholder was threatened with the High Court if he didn't take down a green and gold sign which read 'Arrods'. Later the same year the store applied for an injunction to stop a small tailor's shop in Wellington, New Zealand displaying its name 'Harachs', in a script similar to the Knightsbridge signs.

Another New Zealand action against Henry Harrod, who runs a restaurant in Palmerston North, seems to have provoked retaliation. The North Island town of Otorohanga renamed itself Harrodsville and all of its town-centre shops put up Harrods signs. The president of the Otorohanga Business Association, Mr Ricky Climo said, 'Harrods seem to be giving a few New Zealanders a hard time, so we are giving them a whole town to think about. We think we are bigger than Harrods. With 73 shops in the main business area, we've got over 200 departments on the ground floor alone.'

An attempt to cash in on the name of another famous London establishment came to grief in



Some poor children are named after the entire World Cup Squad or Liverpool's league winning side. Guaranteed to get the vicars in a twist at their christenings!

Bangkok last year. The owner of a nightspot that promised 'heart-stopping titillation, sexy hostesses, dancers and drinks which will make you feel good' intended to name it after Stringfellows. Unfortunately, a misprint on all the publicity material caused it to be advertised as 'Strangefellows'. The 'sexy hostesses' found themselves redundant as most of Bangkok's gay community turned up on the opening night.

Film director Luis Bunel, scourge of the Church, capitalism and the middle classes gave as much thought as any advertising executive to the brand-name of his product. He said, 'In my search for titles, I've always tried to follow the old surrealist trick of finding a totally unexpected word or group of words which opens up a new perspective on a painting or book.' He claims to have sifted through thousands of adjectives before choosing 'discreet' for *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*.

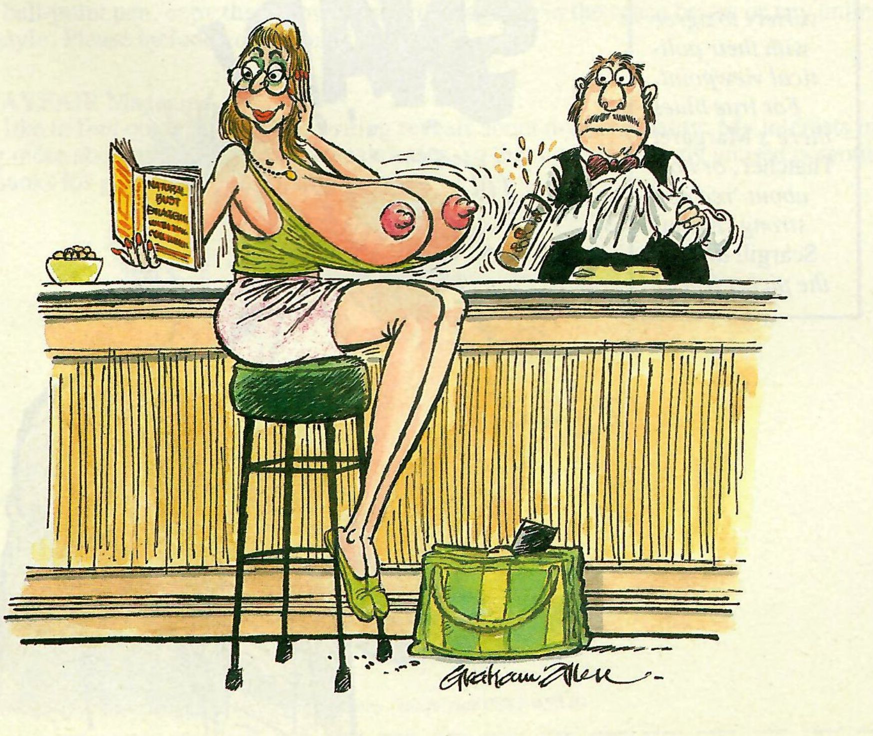
It is doubtful whether the same diligence exists in Hollywood. one looks in vain for the surrealistic perspective opened up by *Jaws 2* or *Rocky IV*. My hopes rose when the inspired *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes* was released only to be dashed last year when I learned of a projected sequel called *Return of the Killer Tomatoes*.

An honourable tradition seems to be building up though, in the relatively new field of computer games, which has yielded gems like *Battle of the Mutant Camels* and *Metagalactic Llamas Battle at the Edge of Time*. Another fascinating title is *Denis Through the Drinking Glass*, a game in which the Prime Minister's husband searches for the alcoholic drinks hidden all over No. 10 Downing Street. Fortunately the much-maligned Mr T is too good-humoured to complain.

You would expect authors, having gone through the agony, ecstasy and sheer hard slog of producing a full-length book, to spare a little extra contemplation for its title. I wonder, though, about some of them. Every year during the Frankfurt book fair, *The Bookseller* magazine awards a prize to the finder of the book title that 'most outrageously exceeds all bounds of credibility'. Entrants must own, or be able to produce a copy of the book in question as evidence.

Past winners include *Proceedings of the Second International Workshop on Nude Mice, The Joy of Chickens, The Book of Marmalade: Its Antecedents, Its History and Its Role in the World Today* and *Natural Bust Enlargement with Total Mind Power: How to Use the Other 90 Per Cent of Your Mind to Increase the Size of Your Breasts*.

Amongst the book titles that 'exceeds all bounds of credibility' is Natural Bust Enlargement with Total Mind Power: How to Use the Other 90 per cent of Your Mind to Increase the Size of Your Breasts. *Essential reading.*



With the present high rate of unemployment there is probably no need to try to make a job more attractive by altering its name, but it seems Americans can't resist. The latest examples have been catalogued by Dr William Lutz, Professor of English at Rutgers University. A car repair man is now called an automotive internist, a bill collector is a portfolio administrator, a car washer is a vehicle appearance specialist and a potato chip delivery man has become an executive snack route consultant.

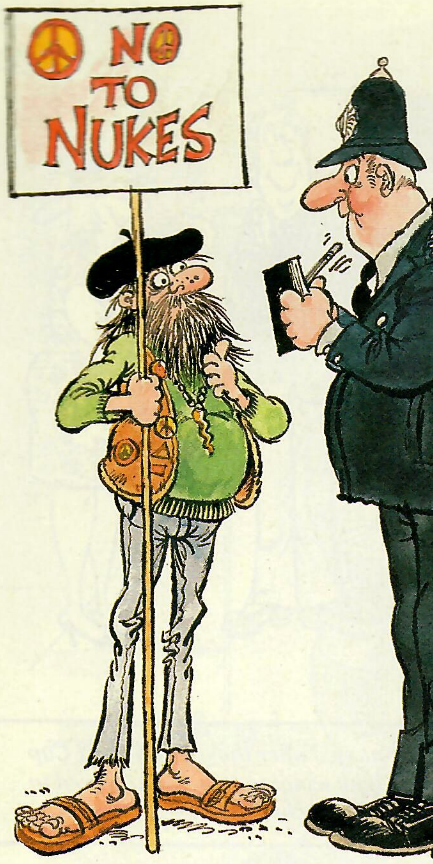
I would defy anyone to think up a name to sweeten a job in the slaughtering and meat-packing trade which I found in an old *Dictionary of Occupational Titles*, published by the U.S. Labor Department. The profession of bung puller is described as follows:

'Removes bung from intestines, for use as sausage casing: Grasps bung with one hand and, holding guts down with the other, tears bung loose from other guts. Washes bung under water spray and hangs it on rack. Replaces guts on conveyor.'

An executive intestinal enhancer? A protein re-development officer? Or an interior animal tissue design artist? Perhaps not.

I'm sure Richard Branson and his minions thought long and hard (well, they would, wouldn't they?) before choosing a name for their contraceptives. I wish they'd considered people like me though. I no longer dare to tell my wife that I'm going for a night out with my mates.

On the subject of appropriately-named condoms you need look no further than the French Rugby Union team. There you will find — in a pack of



When arrested a nuclear arms protestor gave his name as Martin Felix Oddstocks McWeirdo El Tutti Fruiti Farto Hello Hippopotamus Bum. He was fined £20.

eight — Monsieur J Condom. Useful against the loose head, old chap. Jolly good protection against dirty hookers. Never has a fly half zipped around him. Essential for — er — rucking.

The main requirement for English rugby players seems to be at least two, preferably three, Christian names. The story is told of the late Herbert Toft, who lacked this qualification but still managed to get selected for England. When asked by the programme compilers for his middle initial, he replied that he had none. They refused to believe him of course, and after repeated harassment he finally exploded, 'My name is Herbert bloody Toft.' From that day forward he became known as H B Toft.

It's a great pity that most parents don't give the same amount of thought to naming their offspring as is normally given to christening more ephemeral products. We all sympathise with the recipients of the names of the whole of England's World Cup squad or of one of Liverpool's League of FA Cup-winning teams. I used to know a Jamaican guy who was even more unfortunate. He was born in 1938, just after the notorious Munich pact, and consequently saddled forever with Adolf Chamberlain Edwards.

Some people do seem to have appropriate names. A researcher into the incidence of a disease called bird-fancier's lung is called Bill Parrott. A book entitled *Common Truths for Queer Texts* was written by the Reverend Joseph Gay. And a PhD for 'research on the concept of acceptable risk' was recently awarded to John Chicken.

A classic American publication, *Remarkable Names of Real People* lists — among hundreds of others — singing teacher Mrs Screech, lawyer Ronald Supena, iceman I.C. Shivers and detectives Wyre and Tapping.

If you think your name isn't sweet-smelling enough you can always change it. Would John Wayne, Tony Curtis and Herbert Lom have achieved stardom if they had stuck to Marion Michael Morrison, Bernard Schwarz and Herbert Charles Angelo Kuchacevich ze Schluderpacheru?

Television director Paul Wright became Paul Cort-Wright by deed poll when he discovered that most children who didn't get into their first-choice school had names with initials near the end of the alphabet. 'Officialdom still starts with A and works through to Z,' he said. 'Anyone called Wright is at a disadvantage. I feel we've gone up in the world by jumping into the Cs.'

A man from Stoke Newington, whose original name I don't know, went the other way when he turned into Z.Z. Zzitz. 'I like the sound of it,' he said, 'and people know where to find me in the phone book.'

He was eventually ousted from his position at the end of the London telephone directory, first by B.I. Zzytt and surely, finally by a coffee shop called Zzzzzz.

There seems to be a growing tendency among law breakers to adopt appropriate and/or outlandish names. I am not sure whether this is a way of avoiding publicity or of courting it. Magistrates in Rochdale refused to believe a young man accused of threatening behaviour when he gave his name as Mr Norti Raskal. Mr Raskal failed to convince them despite the fact that two of his associates had changed their names by deed poll to Al Capone and John Dillinger.

In cosmopolitan Torquay, they are probably more familiar with exotic names. There, Mr Nicholas Forletta was fined £200 for using abusive words. And in London, a protestor against nuclear weapons was fined £20 for obstructing the highway outside the Houses of Parliament. He gave his name as Martin Felix Oddsocks McWeirdo El Tutti Fruiti Farto Hello Hippopotamus Bum.

On names in general, the case against Shakespeare is overwhelming but I would go further; he wasn't even right about roses. In 1985 a new variety of rose was named Margaret Thatcher.

OK, I concede that, to many citizens of this great country, that would make it smell even sweeter. But what would these same people think of a miniature rose developed by a Glamorgan miner? He said he wanted to call it Arthur Scargill because it was 'red and strong'. There were no recorded comments about its scent, but it would certainly look at home around the picket fence.

Rose fanciers can choose a variety to agree with their political viewpoint. For true blues there's Margaret Thatcher, *or how about 'red and strong'* Arthur Scargill *around the picket fence?*

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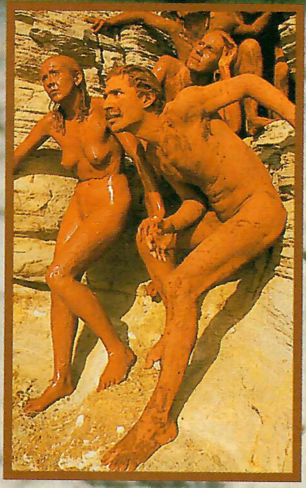

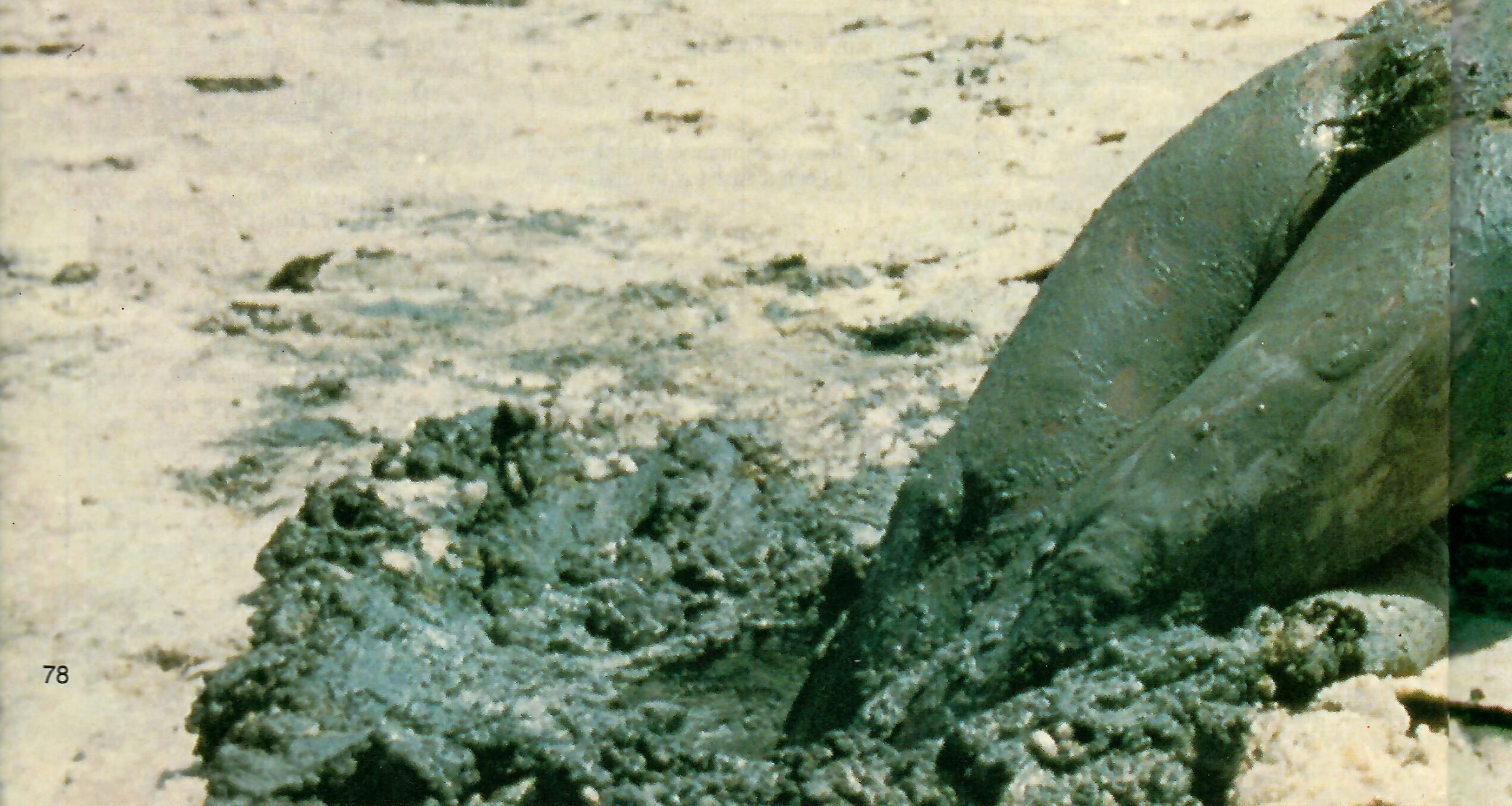

On two Spanish islands young men and women strip naked and daub one another with mud purely for medicinal reasons. Honest!

ALTERNATIVE MUDICINE

'Mud, mud, glorious mud,' goes the well-known Flanders and Swann 'Hippopotamus' song, 'there's nothing quite like it for cooling the blood.' But for the mud bathers of the Balearics cool blood is the very last thing they seem likely to achieve.

Under a hot Spanish sun young men and women strip off and daub their naked bodies with grey, sulphur-smelling clay. Kinky as it sounds, and looks, however, its primary intention, at least, is entirely medicinal. The mud is known as argil, otherwise potter's clay, and its effect is both to relax the body and purify the skin.

Deposits are found on two of the Balearic islands — Espalmador and Ibiza. On Espalmador — an eight square mile dot in the Mediterranean, currently inhabited by only two familes — the argil lies just beneath a long stretch of dried earth. Claw away the topsoil and the mud bather can slip straight into the soft, if strong-smelling clay below. On Ibiza the argil is red in colour and bathers have to scrape it from the faces of 120-feet high cliffs at Punta Galera in the northwest of the island. Mixed with sea water, it forms a paste which can then be smeared over the body.

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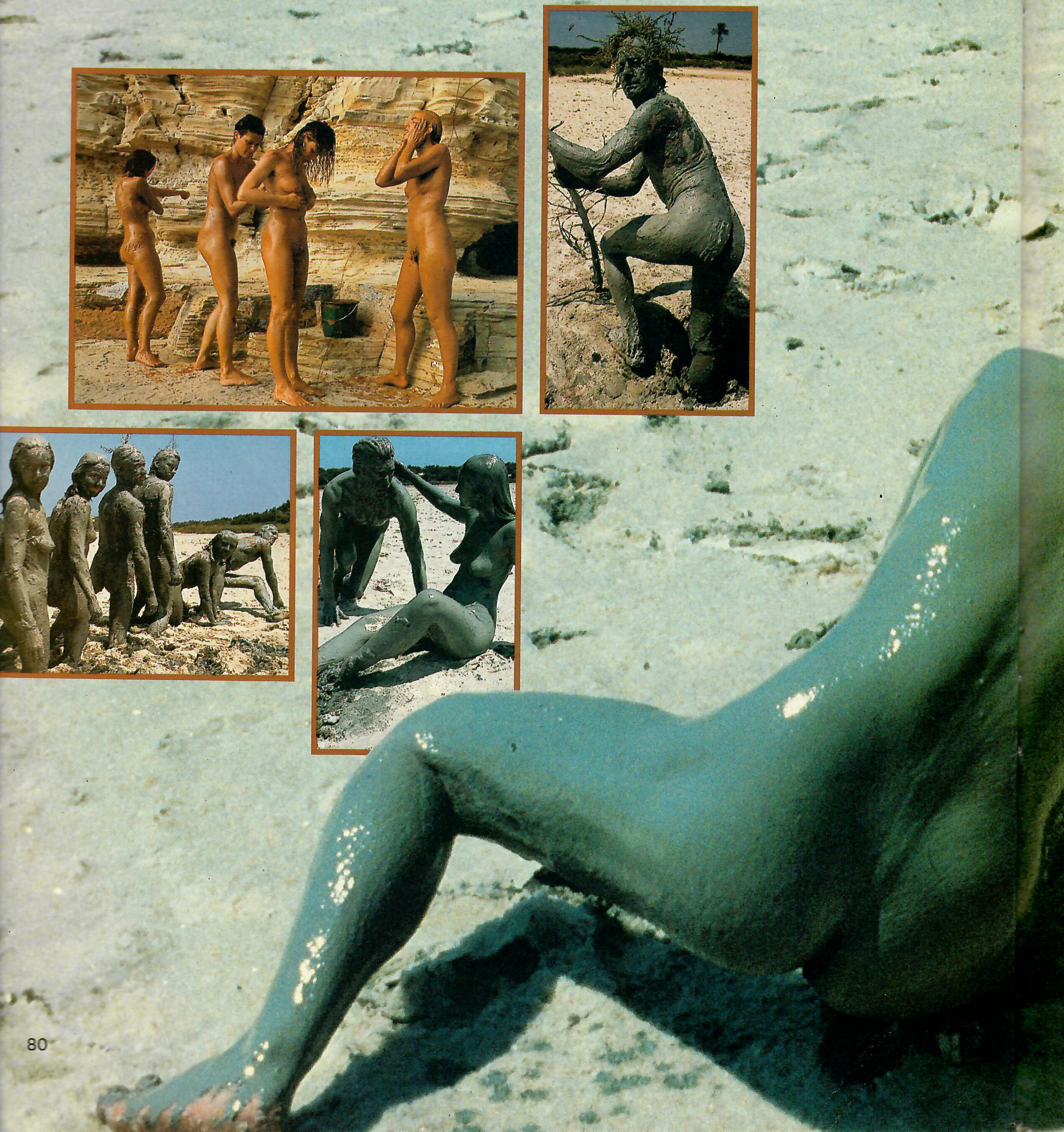

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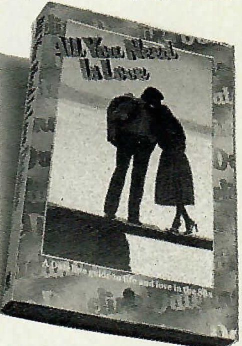

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Quest: Are you badly affected by stress?

Teacher: Very — I tend to make all sorts of stupid decisions I can see are wrong later.

Quest: Does that apply in sexual relationships?

Teacher: Especially, I'd say! Peter is the prime example, of course.

Quest: This was the pupil you had sex with on top of your grand piano?

Teacher: *Under* it, actually — I'm not that athletic! But I do seem to have made a habit of getting into ill-judged affairs simply because I've been too shy or nervous to turn people down.

Quest: Can you give an example?

Teacher: The first is probably the best. He was a boy I knew at teacher training college. Ian was as shy as I was, and he just seemed to latch onto me.

Quest: Were you attracted to him?

Teacher: Not really. It sounds awful, but he was quite kind, and it was useful to have someone to go to things with. I was interested in sex then, but I was terrified of it too. I don't know why. I didn't even have a sheltered upbringing. I just assumed sex would happen one day — but not yet.

Quest: What changed your attitude?

Teacher: Things really changed around me. My room mate started this passionate affair and was only spending a couple of nights a week in college. I had our room virtually to myself. The whole thing seemed to get Ian started. He was always lingering there late at night, more or less hinting that he might as well stay.

Quest: You didn't let him?

Teacher: I just kept on making excuses. Then he

PERSONAL FILE

Name.... Withheld

Sex.... Female

Age.... 32 years

Town of Origin....

Blandford

Other details.... This interviewee, a slight, rather ethereal blonde, trained as a music teacher and now teaches privately. She married two years ago.

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eventually brought it out into the open. Apparently he'd had some sort of affair just before he'd come to college, and there'd been some sort of problem — I got the feeling it was physical, which worried me enormously! But he obviously thought I was the person to put it right. He wasn't *over*-insistent, but he put me under an enormous amount of pressure. I was very worried about exams too. Eventually it all came to a head at the college's summer ball. I'd promised my room mate I was going, and she'd helped me make a gown — something far more revealing than I'd ever normally wear.

Quest: In what way?

Teacher: Nothing *startling*. It had quite a tight top, and no back to speak of; it was impossible to wear a bra. The trouble was I have these very odd boobs. They don't stick out a lot, but they're very round and deep. Because I have such a skinny back, they can easily look enormous, so I'd always gone in for baggy tops. I think seeing me in my ball gown was a revelation for Ian.

Quest: But he responded to it?

Teacher: We stayed at the ball until about three in the morning, then we came back to my room for coffee. All I wanted to do was undress and flop into bed. After Ian started making a second coffee, I was beginning not to care whether he stayed or not, so I asked him to unhook the back of my gown. It wasn't meant to be an invitation — if anything, it was a hint that he ought to go!

Quest: But he took it differently?

> **'You do keep your treasures hidden, don't you, love?' he said, feeling under my sweater**

Teacher: He was standing behind me, fumbling with the catch and taking ages, when all of a sudden his arms came round my waist. I could feel him trembling. He whispered, 'You've got to let me stay tonight.' He sounded desperate. Then his hands moved up onto my breasts.

Quest: How did you react?

Teacher: He'd been on at me so long that in a way it was the most enormous relief to think, 'OK, fine, let's get it over with — at least it'll be one less thing to worry about.' Not the most romantic way to go to bed with someone!

Quest: But you did?

Teacher: I made him put the light out, and we both undressed and got into my single bed. Then Ian began kissing and stroking me. I don't think I made it very exciting for him — I just remember lying there, wondering if it was going to hurt. He put on a condom by himself, though I did reach down and help him when he started to put his penis inside me.

Quest: Did it hurt?

Teacher: It was a bit uncomfortable, but not painful. He just seemed to fill me up very quickly, but he still wasn't completely inside. I thought there must be something wrong with me. Then Ian began panting violently and gasped, 'Marion! Marion (name changed), and I knew he must have come. But it was only when we put on my bedside light I saw what he was really like.

Quest: And what was that?

Teacher: My room mate had been embarrassing me for weeks going on about her boyfriend's 'glorious seven inch monster'! But I'm sure Ian was quite a big longer than that. His erection was extremely long and thin — as well as bending very obviously to one side! Of course, that seemed to confirm all my worst fears about sex; my body obviously wasn't designed to take *things* like that! So it was all disaster. Poor old Ian! I didn't really start to enjoy sex until I met my husband, four years ago.

Quest: Were you married when you had sex with Peter?

Teacher: No, and if I'd thought I was going to marry Michael it would never have happened. Michael was separated when I met him. When we decided to get married he had to go to America to see his wife about a divorce. But, as soon as he'd gone, everything went wrong. I had a burst pipe. Michael's trip dragged on from a week to a month, then two. I had flu very badly, then, just as I was getting better, a letter from Michael's wife arrived out of the blue. It said she and Michael had got back together, she was pregnant by him and he'd never be coming back. In fact, it was all lies, but I didn't know that then. When I rang America the number he'd given me turned out to be disconnected. It was the most stressful time I think I've ever had.

Quest: How was Peter involved?

Teacher: He'd been having lessons for about six months. He was about 20, but he'd always had piano lessons and the habit had stuck. He was always very brash and cheery — sort of squat and muscular to look at. He used to flirt, too, in very obvious, but harmless ways. But I never dreamed of taking him seriously.

Quest: What changed your mind?

Teacher: It was about a week after the awful letter. I really wasn't coping at all. Peter came round Saturday afternoon, very full of himself. Apparently he'd just got off with some girl at his office he'd been after for weeks. He was always telling me about his love life. I suppose that's why I told him what had happened with Michael. Normally I didn't mention my private life.

Quest: How did Peter react?

Teacher: Sympathetically, but no more than that. I don't know what I expected, and we just got on with his lesson. We were going through quite a difficult piece, and Peter couldn't get it right. So I sat at the piano — this was in the front room, which was the only decent room left after the burst pipe. As I played I suddenly had this vision of Peter with his new girlfriend, and that made me thinkof Michael and the fact that it had been nearly two months since we'd last been in bed together, and now I was never going to feel him inside me again, or any of the other wonderful things I'd waited so long to enjoy. I burst into tears.

Quest: What did Peter do?

Teacher: I suddenly felt an arm coming round my shoulders, and he was murmuring, 'Come on, love, nothing's that bad.' I just reached out and held him, grateful there was someone there. Then he was patting my head, and kissing my hair, and then the top of my ear, and then my neck and cheek. I don't remember thinking of it as sexual so much as pleasantly comforting. It only dawned on me very slowly that it obviously meant more to him. By then it was too late.

Quest: Go on.

Teacher: He was kneeling beside the stool, holding my face and kissing it all over, including my mouth, and I just let myself respond. I don't remember any other thoughts, apart from surprise and a general feeling that it really didn't matter what I did any more. Then his hand came up inside my sweater and he was stroking me through my bra. At the same time he was kissing me even harder and easing me forward off the stool. All of a sudden I sort of bumped down onto my knees on the carpet, and that pushed his fingers up under my bra cup, so he was touching my nipple. I knew he could feel it was stiff. He said, 'God, love you do keep your treasures hidden, don't you? Your boobs are bloody enormous!' I had to smile at that. Then I said, 'You know this is silly.' 'You're the silly one,' he said. 'We'll just have a cuddle. It'll do you good.'

Quest: Was it just a cuddle?

Teacher: No! I curled up against him on the floor, spoon fashion, and he was stroking me from behind, my back, my bottom and then gradually up under my sweater again. It felt wonderful — I could have drifted away for ever. But then he slowly became more urgent, and I felt myself responding. He was pushing my bra cups off my boobs, and I was twisting round to face him. He lifted up my sweater and his mouth came down on my breasts, kissing licking them. I felt his hand sliding up under my skirt, then his finger was pushing under the gusset of my pants. I must have felt him against my tummy then — through his trousers I mean; he still had them on, but he felt huge. After that the inevitable happened.

Quest: You had intercourse?

Teacher: Yes. I'd never have believed it could have been with someone like Peter, but it was beautiful.

Quest: How did you have intercourse?

Teacher: You mean, apart from being under the piano! I'm not sure how we managed to roll under there, but at least it kept us out of view from the window. We did it in the time-honoured fashion. I pulled my own pants off because Peter seemed to be having trouble. Then he yanked down his trousers and pants, and got between my legs and slipped his erection into me. I can't tell you what size it was, but it felt wonderful.

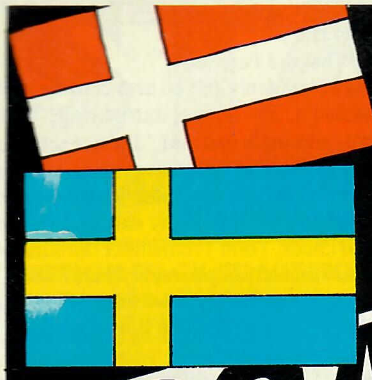
Quest: Did he satisfy you?

Teacher: Peter was fairly quick because he was very excited. I'm not sure if that was because of me, or the fact that he was screwing his music teacher on her own living room floor! But he made me come.

Quest: Was it repeated?

Teacher: No, and I don't think it would have been even if Michael hadn't phoned that night and put everything right. I felt incredibly guilty. I almost confessed, but I've since decided to put it down as an awful warning.

Quest: Thank you.



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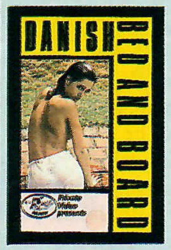

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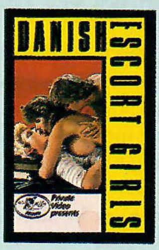

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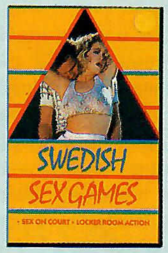

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QUEST

PERSONAL FILE
Name . . . . Withheld
Sex . . . . Male
Age . . . . 28 years
Town of Origin . . . .
Coventry
Other details . . . . This interviewee took an arts degree and now works on a newspaper in the Midlands. He lives with his girlfriend

Quest: Does stress affect your sex life?
Journalist: I actually think the most stressed affairs are the most passionate.
Quest: Are you speaking from experience?
Journalist: There was a girl I was very involved with when I was 21. She was the sexiest woman I've ever known, but she made my life hell.
Quest: Why?
Journalist: Mainly because of her attitude to sex, which was the main reason I was so obsessed with her in the first place. I started off by being incredibly chuffed that I had actually got off with her. But then, as soon as I was hooked, I had tremendous problems with jealousy.

> **'She was lying on a table, nude but for stockings and suspender belt, surrounded by a dozen men'**

Quest: Because of other men?
Journalist: Because she was a photographic model — chiefly in your field, glamour.
Quest: How did you meet?
Journalist: I was involved with a student magazine, and we wanted something to boost circulation. Someone saw what read like a true story in a men's magazine — not yours, I'm afraid — about a girl who was supposed to live locally. So we thought we'd try and get in touch with her, do a kind of expose on the glamour industry. We were quite lucky finding her — she hadn't used her real name — Gina — for the magazine pictures. She said she didn't mind talking, and I drew the short straw.
Quest: What was she like?
Journalist: In her picture she'd looked a dream — a sweet-faced blonde, with shaggy, shoulder-length hair, big brown eyes, very full lips and a very shapely figure, extremely curvy. But it was her boobs that got all the emphasis. They looked massive, real melon shapes. We arranged to meet in a pub early one evening.
Quest: How did it go?
Journalist: She turned up, which was the first hurdle — though nearly an hour late. My first mistake was not recognising her. What threw me was that she was tiny — just over five feet, I found out later. You'd never have guessed it from her pictures. She was very easy to talk to, bright, lively — a bit scatter-brained — but very nice. She was also 23, though in terms of experience ages older than me.
Quest: What did she tell you about herself?
Journalist: That she'd been modelling for five years, that she really enjoyed it, a lot of general stuff about the business. She was still chatting away at closing time. I said it was a pity we couldn't go on, so she said we could go back to her flat.
Quest: Did you anticipate anything sexual?
Journalist: I had the impression she liked me, but she was such an open person I wasn't sure. She drove us to her place, which was tiny but very cosy. She found a bottle of wine and we polished it off, sitting on the carpet until two in the morning. Then she suddenly, remembered she had to be up early, and she ought to go to bed. I got up, expecting a long trek, because I didn't know of any night bus service in her area. Then she said, 'Oh come on, stay — there's no point in walking all night.'
Quest: She was offering to share her bed?
Journalist: I still wasn't sure if that's all she was offering. She vanished into the bedroom. Then she called me in. She was sitting up in a rather untidy double bed, wearing a baggy tee-shirt, though it still gave a heart-stopping impression of her boobs. 'You don't mind sharing, do you?' she said. 'The sheets need a change, but they're not too bad.' I said fine, turned my back and stripped to my pants, then I slipped in beside her and she put out the light.
Quest: What were you thinking?
Journalist: I lay there like a frozen log, but I knew if I didn't do *something* I'd kill myself. So, after what felt like hours of agonising, I leaned across the bed and said, 'Goodnight, Gina,' and bent to kiss what I thought was her shoulder, but turned out to be her cheek.
Quest: With what reaction?
Journalist: She was lying, facing away from me, and she said, 'Oh hello,' and turned so her shoulder touched my chest. There was just enough light to see she was looking up at me. I didn't think, I just bent again and kissed her lightly on the lips. She didn't move, so I kissed her again, with more effort. And suddenly she seemed to wake up, taking a deep breath, kissing me back and wriggling up against me, so that I felt those massive boobs pushing against my chest. When we came up for air, she chuckled and said, 'I was beginning to think you didn't fancy me at all!' I was amazed a girl as glamorous as that would give a damn about me fancying her or not. Then she said, 'At least I won't have to wear this old thing any more.' And she sat up, took hold of her tee-shirt and pulled it over her head. Then she squeezed down beside me and I felt her bare flesh against mine. Then I went mildly berserk. I was all over her, kissing her, licking her, fondling and squeezing those incredible boobs, which felt tremendously firm and heavy. I wanted to touch her everywhere all at once.
Quest: Did you have intercourse?
Journalist: No! When I finally got down below her waist I realised she was wearing a pair of tiny pants. 'Oh,' she said, 'you don't mind, do you? It's the wrong time of the month.' Then she said, 'Don't worry. We can do other things. Here —' And she started tugging at my arm. I didn't twig for a moment that she wanted me to climb over her. Then I was straddling her waist, and she was pulling down the front of my pants, making me start as she took hold of my cock. 'Lean forward,' she said. 'Put it between my boobs —' I felt that beautifully warm, firm flesh closing round my shaft, then both boobs gently rub against it. 'Go on,' she murmured. 'Let go — it's alright —' I went off like an explosion in a firework factory, gushing over her boobs harder than I ever remembered coming before. When I'd exhausted myself, she chuckled and said, 'I think you must have been saving all that for me.'
Quest: How did the relationship progress?
Journalist: I rang later and arranged another 'interview' — dinner this time — at the end of the week. I stayed the night again, and finally managed to make love properly, and with the light on — twice during the night, and again first thing in the morning. After that I saw her two or three times a week for a month. She really was the most blatant exhibitionist — her favourite trick was opening her front door to me in the nude. I could have been anyone. Then things started to go wrong.
Quest: How?
Journalist: Her life started to intrude. I didn't really know that much about her. So, when, otherwise, I'd probably have begun to realise we didn't that much in common, I began to get rabidly jealous. In the end I insisted on seeing her after a local modelling job — it was really just to spy on her — and that was the crunch.
Quest: What happened?
Journalist: She gave me the address of the studio and said she'd be finished by about eleven. I assumed it was a professional job. It turned out to be in what looked like a rather grubby scout hut. At the end of a little hallway was a large, bare room with some blue material hanging against the end wall. About a dozen men were gathered round a kind of trestle table in front of it, all flashing away with cameras. As I got closer I saw Gina was lying on the table. All she had on was a white suspender belt, white stockings and high heels. She was flat on her back, with her knees bent and her legs spread about as wide apart as she could get them. You could see everything she had. A guy in his forties was virtually taking close-ups of it, then he turned away and he had a hard-on. It must have been completely obvious to Gina, too. Then she spotted me and called out, 'You're early, love! Hang on, I won't be a minute.' I just stood there, frozen. On the way hope I exploded, and that was it.
Quest: The relationship ended?
Journalist: I've never known anything so stressful and so intensely sexual ever since.
Quest: Thank you.

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QUEST

PERSONAL FILE

Name . . . . Withheld
Sex . . . . . Female
Age . . . . 25 years
Town of Origin . . . . Tring
Other details . . . . This interviewee, an attractive brunette, works as a conveyancing assistant. She shares a house with her boyfriend.

Quest: Why do you think sex is such a stressful activity for you?
Assistant: *Sex* isn't stressful — sex is lovely. *Lack* of sex is stressful! I get very twitchy if I go without for more than a couple of weeks.
Quest: But isn't it true you've had a fair number of arguments with boyfriends?
Assistant: Oh everyone does that. It doesn't mean a thing. What I make a real fuss about is deliberately being put down by someone, or made to look an idiot when it's not my fault. I won't even take that from a senior partner. I don't see why I should.
Quest: Including your own boss?
Assistant: Geoffrey, yes. That was a very fraught situation when I first worked for him. Geoffrey doesn't shout, but he was white with anger several times. I *did* shout! I almost walked out a couple of times.

> **'We'd solve all our problems,' he told me, 'if I put you over my desk and gave you a good smack'**

Quest: But didn't the situation improve after you'd had sex with him?
Assistant: Oh, yes, dramatically. But that didn't surprise me. We knew each other so much better. There'd obviously been a lot of sexual tension beforehand, which we'd got rid of.
Quest: Did it surprise you that you ended up in bed with him?
Assistant: No, not really. I don't mean I set out to do it. After all, he was 35 and married — even if he wasn't living with his wife. I usually go out with men in their late twenties, early thirties. But I've been in lots of situations like that before.
Quest: What situations exactly?
Assistant: When I can see someone's interested, and I'm not, or I can't be for some reason — sometimes if I just don't like the fellow as a person, even though I'm aware I could be attracted to him. Sometimes, if the fellow takes it well, it can all get quite fruity, which is alright, because you both know nothing's going to happen. But some men get resentful, and then there can be problems. I always seemed to get involved in arguments or fights when I was about 19.
Quest: But did these situations result in you having sex?
Assistant: Once, which is something I've never told anyone about, not even my boyfriend.
Quest: Tell me.
Assistant: When I was 19, I was engaged, and there was a boy who was very keen on me. He was about 23, tall, fair, very good-looking — a lot of girls were after him, and he was very arrogant about it. His name was Stephen. He worked in a local garage — and there was no way I'd ever go out with him. I'm sure that sounds terribly snobby, but I met him when he used to service an old banger my brother had given me, and he came out with all of the absolutely standard chat. As a person he thought just like my dad! Even if I hadn't been engaged, I'd never have spent an evening with someone who was like that.
Quest: But you were attracted to him?
Assistant: I could see what all the fuss was about. But it was like you meeting some really gorgeous woman who can only prattle on about hair lacquer or pop stars. *You* wouldn't put up with a person like that for a whole evening. Or perhaps you would.
Quest: I'll pass on that. What decided you to have sex with Stephen?
Assistant: It wasn't so much decided as just happened, which probably sounds an excuse. I went to a party when my fiance was away one weekend — they were old friends who were moving to London. I promised my fiance I'd only pop in to say goodbye. But I enjoy parties, and I got talking, and I had something to drink. Anyway, Stephen was there. He asked me to dance. I didn't mean to snub him, but I knew how my fiance would be if he'd heard I'd danced with someone else at the party, so I said no. And I obviously upset him. The next thing I saw him talking to some people in the corner, and they were all looking at me and sniggering. This happened three or four times in the evening. It really started to annoy me, so eventually I got one of my friends to find out what he was saying. The gist of it was that I'd gone to bed with him, and been completely wanton. Now I was ashamed I'd behaved that way with him so I was cutting him dead. It was just incredible! But what made it worse was that there were enough bitchy girls there who'd just love to believe it. So I waited

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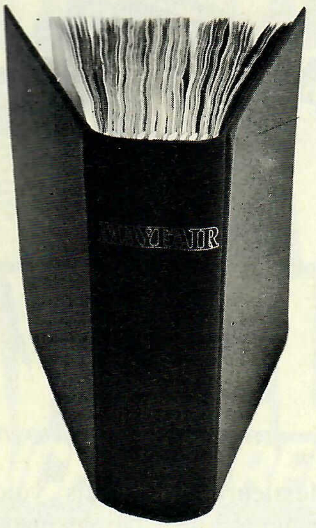

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until I saw Stephen go out on his own, and I went after him.

Quest: To confront him?

Assistant: I didn't want a public slanging match. I just wanted to see him repeat it to my face. I caught him at the bottom of the stairs, but he started laughing and saying I must have been mistaken. When he realised he couldn't brush me off, he started off upstairs, saying he had to see someone, so I went after him, and I virtually chased him to the top of the house, I was so upset and angry. We got to this tiny little box room, somewhere up on the top landing, and there obviously wasn't anyone here he could see. I made some remark about someone else being so fed up with him they'd probably flung themselves out of the window and he turned on me. I honestly thought I'd gone too far and he was going to hit me. But he just shouted, 'Why the hell can't you just leave me alone, you silly bitch? What did I ever do to you?' So I just smiled and said, 'Nothing, which is all you ever will do.' I suppose that was the last straw.

Quest: What happened?

Assistant: He jumped at me and caught hold of my arm. I gasped, because I was sure *now* he'd hit me. But instead he stopped, and stared at me really hard. And then he kissed me.

Quest: How? Hard?

Assistant: *Very* hard — I don't think he meant to be affectionate!

Quest: How did you react?

Assistant: Shock, basically. Apart from anything else, I never expected to turn him on — the opposite, in fact! But the even bigger shock, was that, as he went on kissing me, I could feel myself responding. Really quite strongly, which was awful. When he finally let go of me I didn't even want to look at him, because I was sure he'd see my feelings in my face and crow about it. It would be completely humiliating. So I just said, 'I have to go.' I started to turn away, but he pulled my arms again. I had to look at him, and he *wasn't* being triumphant; he looked more serious than I'd ever seen him. 'Come on,' he said very quietly, 'you know I really mean this.' Then he kissed me again, and this time his tongue came into my mouth, and everything happened.

Quest: You had intercourse?

Assistant: We made love, on a little bed in the corner — I think it must have been a child's. Stephen bolted the door.

Quest: Did you strip?

Assistant: I was wearing a dress which unbuttoned down the front, and I just opened it, and took my bra and my pants off. Stephen took virtually everything off — which struck me as quite brave. I'd sort of decided I would just lie there and let it happen — I suppose it made me feel less guilty. But I'm afraid I didn't manage that!

Quest: You were too aroused?

Assistant: Stephen deserved that bit of his reputation, at least. I thought he might be rough, and quick, but he wasn't at all. He stroked me quite a bit — around my crotch — which was heavenly. My fiance never seemed too keen on touching me there, I don't think he liked the stickiness. He certainly never fingered me.

Quest: But Stephen did?

Assistant: Yes — a lot!

Quest: Did he make you climax?

Assistant: Yes, which was actually the first time I'd ever had that happen with somebody else.

Quest: How did you have intercourse?

Assistant: After I'd had my climax, I could feel he was fumbling about with something — it was quite dark. I asked what was the matter, and he said he'd dropped his condom. I felt my heart lurch.

Quest: Because he intended full sex?

Assistant: Because I hadn't given a thought to looking after myself! I normally used a cap, but I wasn't wearing it then. And I would quite happily have let myself be screwed stupid by a virtual stranger! But then he found it and put it on, and got on top of me, and we did it. And it was gorgeous, though he didn't make me come again before he had to let go.

Quest: Did you see him again?

Assistant: I didn't want to see *anyone* for weeks. I am actually very old-fashioned deep down. I felt awful about it.

Quest: Were things as explosive with Geoffrey?

Assistant: In Geoffrey's terms, I think they were. He was quite staid, at least on the surface. I don't think he'd ever had to cope with someone like me before! Our problem was that he joined the firm a couple of years after me. I'd set up a system, which everyone agreed worked very efficiently. But Geoffrey wanted changes, and he was quite poor at administrative detail. It all used to infuriate me. At one point we were having daily rows. Then at the end of one he suddenly said, 'You know, we'd solve all our problems, Helen (name changed) if I could just put you over my desk and give you a good smack.' Of course, I wanted to explode, then I saw he wasn't provoking me at all — he was almost wistful. I thought, 'My God, he fancies me.'

Quest: Did you fancy him?

Assistant: I'd always thought he was attractive — but not in any personal sense until then. Then about a week later he asked me to dinner at his flat 'to settle our differences'. I was convinced he was going to try and get me into bed that night.

Quest: Did he?

Assistant: No! He was really quite shy, and I'm sure I still frightened him a bit — he even admitted later that was part of the attraction! But right at the door he suddenly said, 'I really don't suppose I should be doing this,' and bent down and kissed me. Very nicely. Then we said goodnight.

Quest: Were you disappointed?

Assistant: I didn't want to make it easy for him, but it's nice to *have* to make the effort! I did wonder if he'd gone off me. The next day in the office he was friendly enough, but a bit subdued. Then, halfway through some dictation, he suddenly went pink and insisted we finish later. I thought he was feeling ill and got up to help, but he told me it was alright. And that's when I saw.

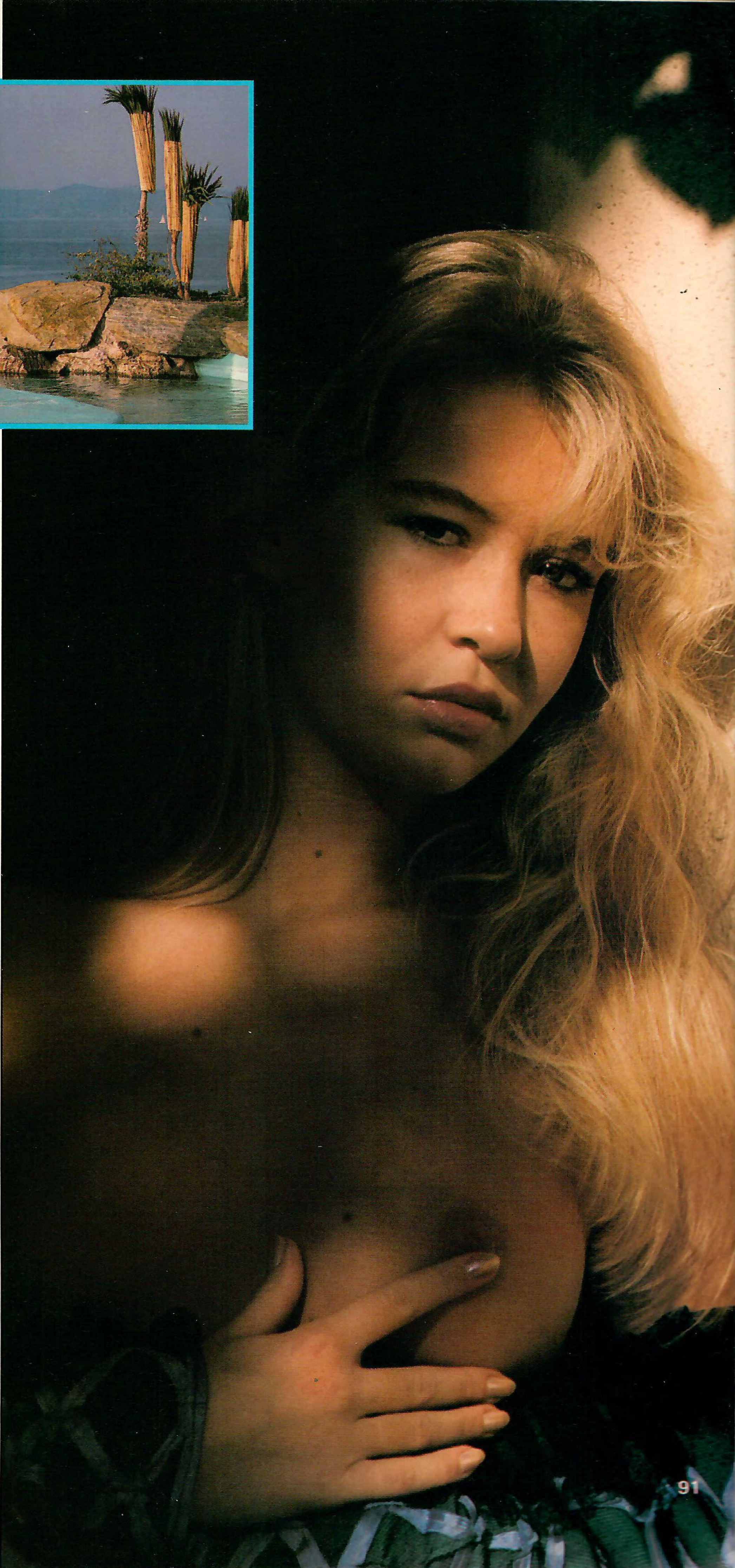
Quest: What?

Assistant: He'd got excited! I just glimpsed it behind his desk. He'd crossed his legs, but the lump was right down the side of his lap. He'd been sitting there, dictating and quietly steaming away! That evening he suggested an after-work drink, which turned into dinner, which turned into bed at his flat.

Quest: Was it satisfactory?

Assistant: It was glorious. He wasn't at all shy in bed. I lived with him for nearly two years after that. It shows you one way of getting rid of stressful situations!

Quest: Thank you.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

Charlotte

'Sexy clothes turn me on'

‘ Women dress to please men ’

If you've ever pondered the age-old question — do women dress seductively to please men or to please themselves? — 20-year-old Charlotte Stevenson has the official answer: it's to please *men*. 'Charlie' — as she's known to her friends — is a fashion design student with clear ideas of the clothes she likes and the effect they have.

'Sexy clothes turn me on,' says this five feet four inch Tynesider. 'The best clothes are always the sexiest.' And to prove it she decided to provide a demonstration with her own delectable 34-22-34 inches.

Given a free hand with photographer John Patrick Burgess's extensive model wardrobe, with some additions of her own, 'Charlie' improvised her own instant collection. 'The turquoise satin dress was my favourite,' she reported. 'If it was mine I'd never wear anything under it — satin against bare skin feels gorgeous.'

Hinting at hidden assets, she says, is better than open display. 'I think my bottom's quite nice, so I'd always try to draw attention to it, but I'd stop short at mooning — except in private, of course!'

‘ I think my bottom’s quite nice ’

But there's a catch: looking and feeling sexy doesn't mean Charlie wants to have sex. 'At least, not necessarily,' she says. 'It's just that I feel most feminine when I feel I'm most desirable, and the right piece of clothing will make me feel that way. I'm actually quite shy about my body and it takes me quite a while to feel at ease with someone new. Even then I feel it's more exciting if I leave something on — even if it's only a leather belt! Seeing a completely nude girl can knock any man's eye out, but then you've nothing else to surprise him with. I'd hate anyone to get bored!' Charlie, we doubt that's a problem you'll ever have to face.

' It's more exciting to leave something on '

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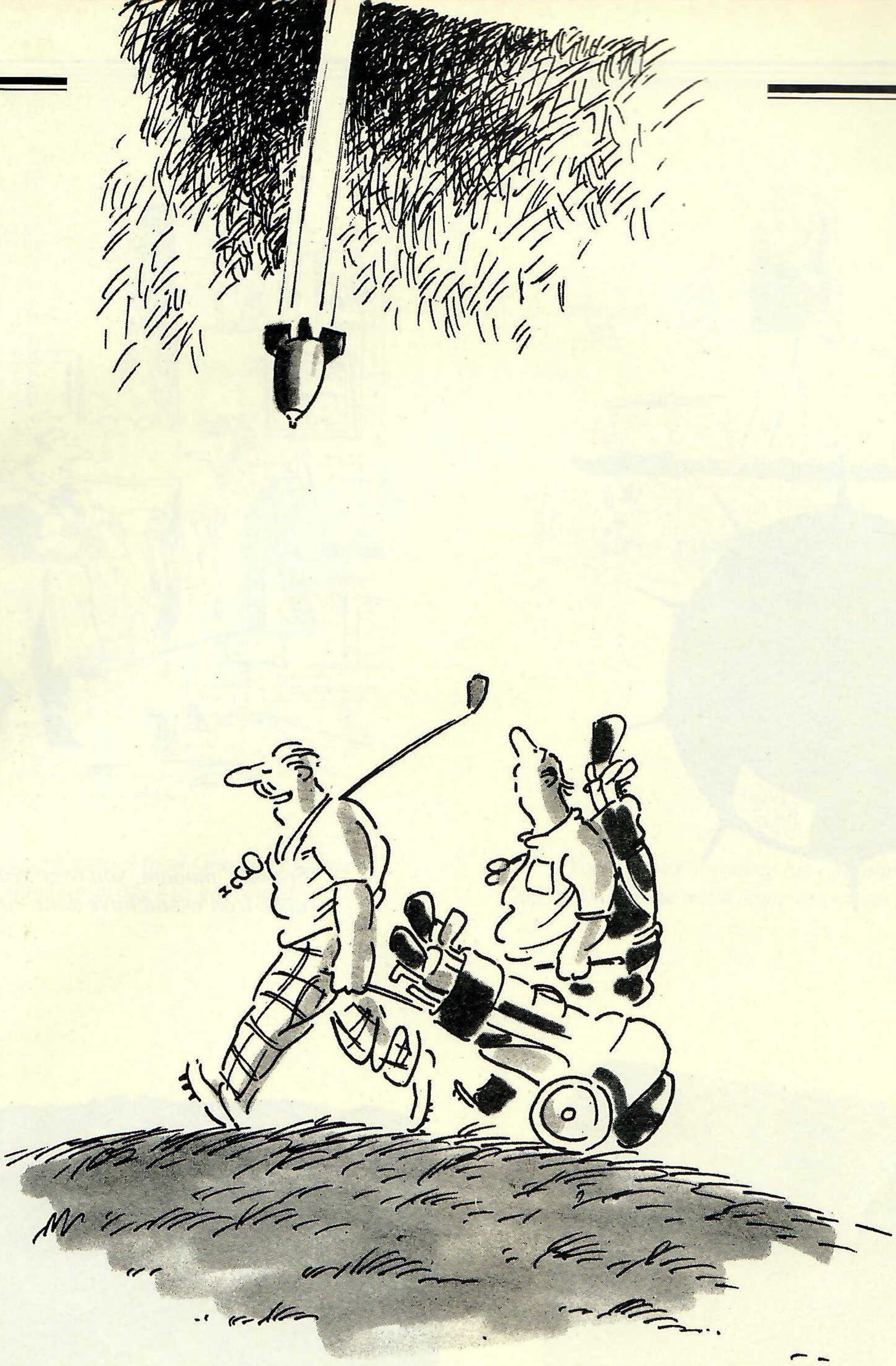
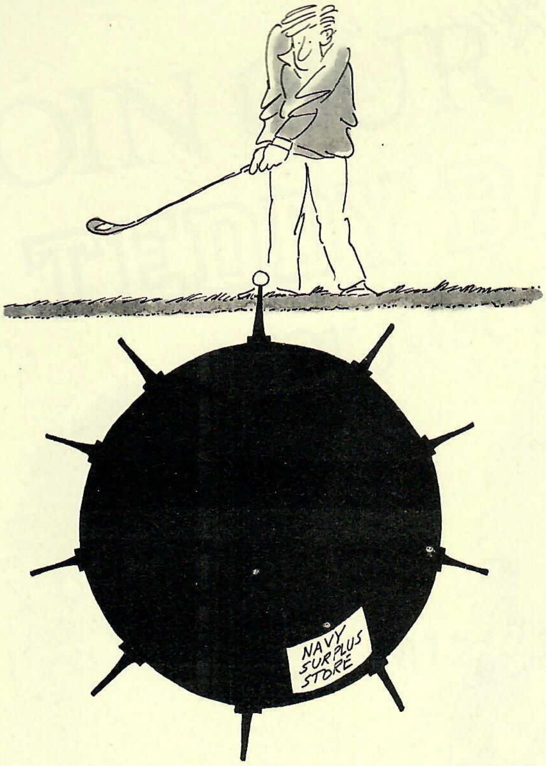


'Things are much better at home, now that Hilda has a hobby. She's taking flying lessons.'

Golf Widows

For some men golf can go a fair way
to becoming a major obsession, muses cartoonist
Noel Ford, more important even than sex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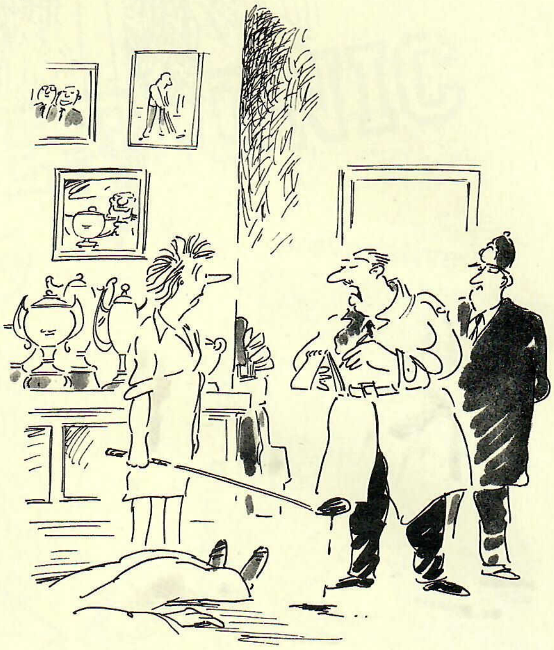
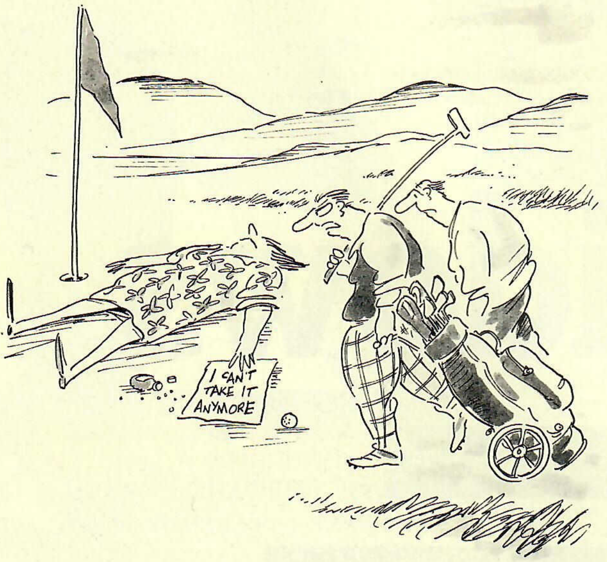
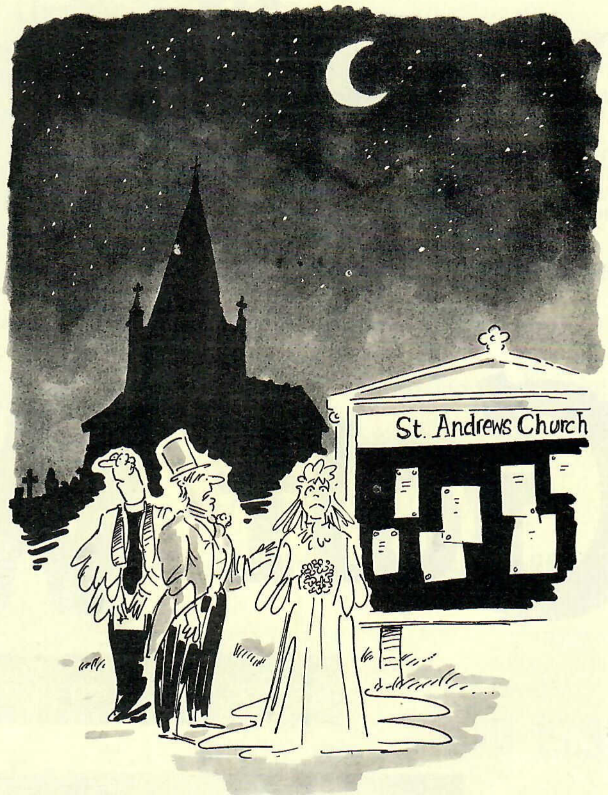


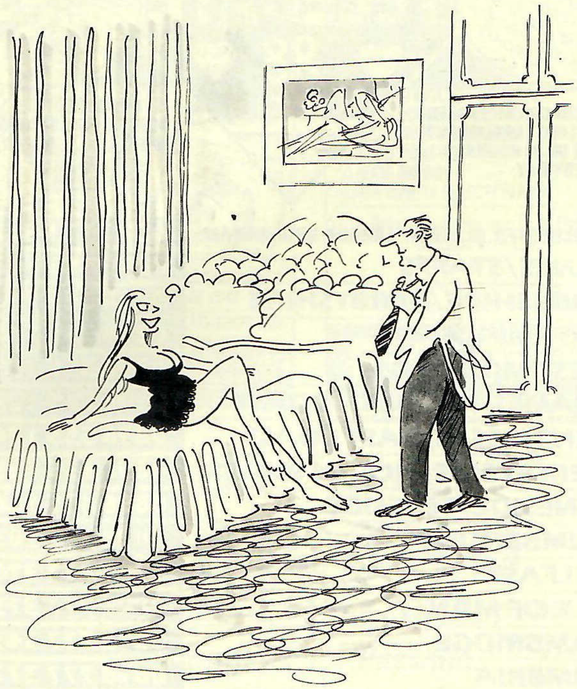
'Frankly, madam, you over-reacted. A seven-iron would have done the trick.'


I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE

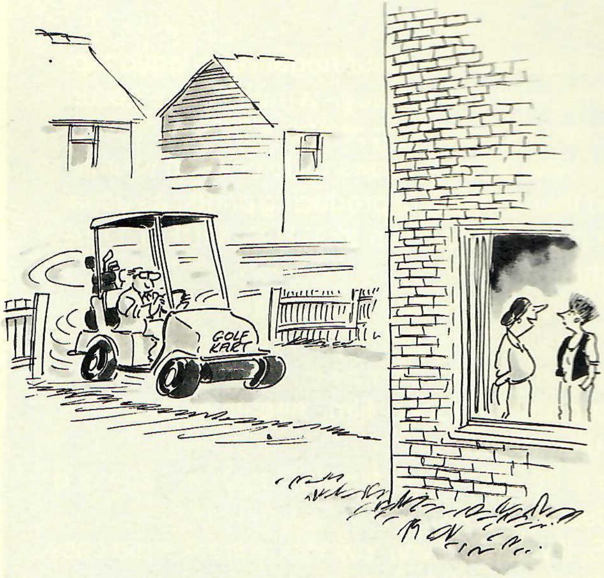
'Damn the woman . . . I'd normally get down in one from here.'


St. Andrews Church

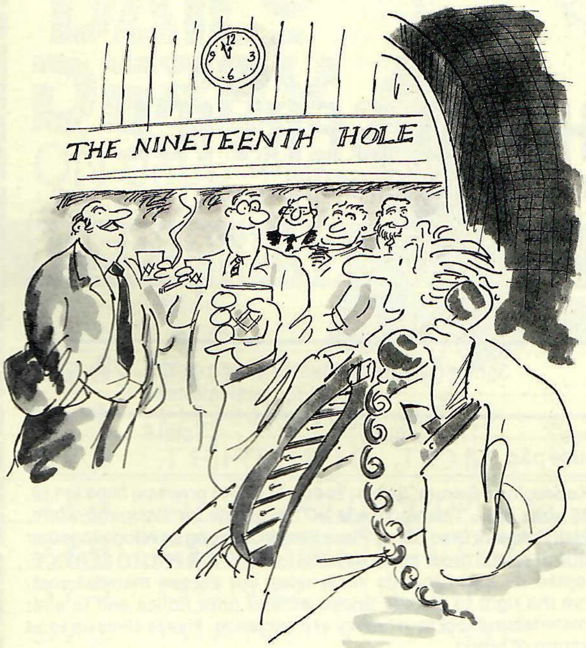
'Think carefully. When he said he'd meet you at St Andrews . . .'



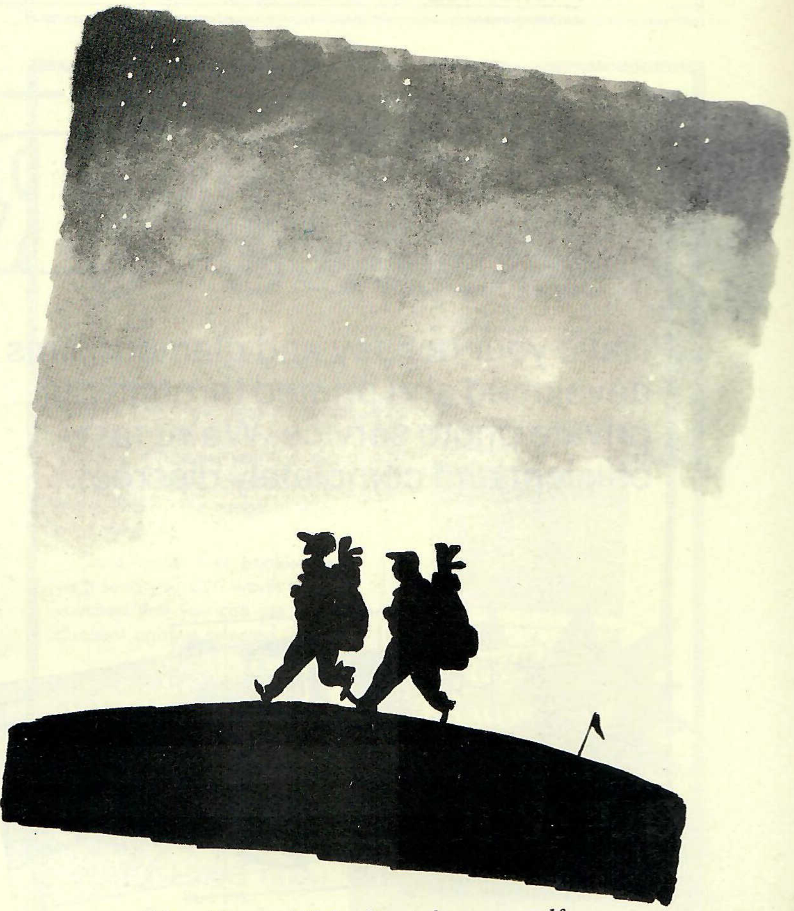
'We have plenty of time. I bent George's driver and it will take him ages to get round.'



'Your father's getting his company car today so at least tonight the main topic of conversation won't be golf!'



'Of course I haven't forgotten our anniversary, dear . . . why, only just now we were drinking your health.'



'My wife says if I don't cut down on golf, she's going on sex-strike . . . whatever sex is.'

Cartoons taken from 'Golf Widows: A Survival Course' (Angus & Robertson, £4.95) by Noel Ford

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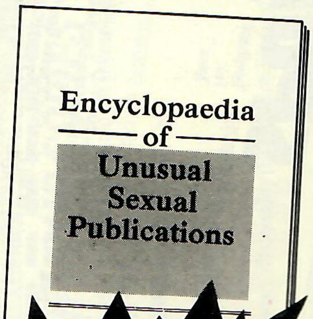

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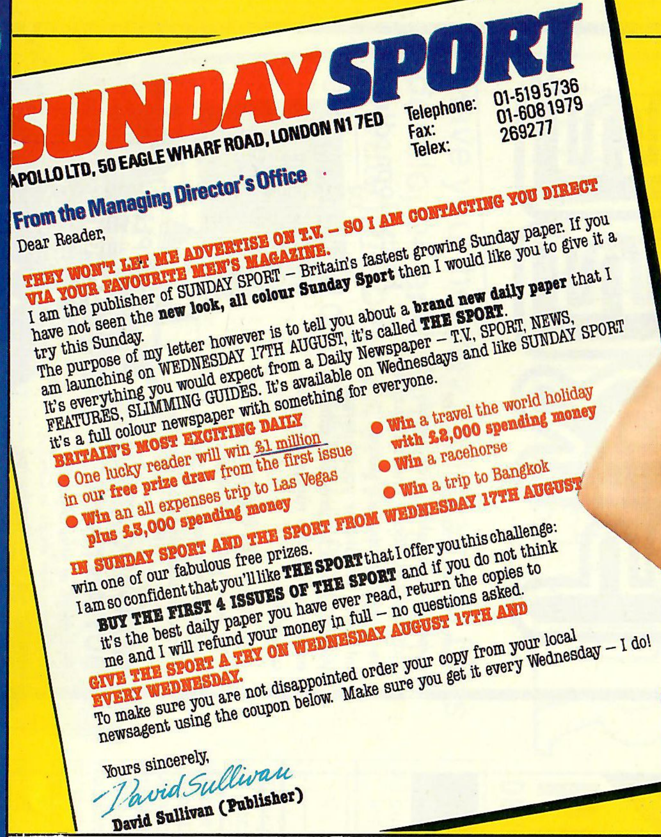

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W READ:

THE SPORT 25p Wednesday August 17th

The original Jack-the-lad

continued from page 62

it took him three nights before he came across the tools necessary to remove his shackles.

The next night he came back to London, robbed the premises of a pawnbroker in Drury Lane, dressed himself in a magnificent black suit, retained a gold watch, and disposed of the rest of the booty.

Friends he contacted told him his last escape had not only made him famous in London, but also something of a popular hero. He was only human, and anxious to capitalise on his glory. He wanted to strut amongst the girls of Drury Lane, and did so. They received him with squeals of delight, and insisted on buying him drink after drink at a brandy shop, until he was thoroughly fuddled.

In the meantime, a young apprentice who happened to be passing and who recognised the centre of the female attraction, gave the alarm. Jack was arrested. The girls had tried to warn him, but at that stage he was too drunk to listen to them, much less run away. He was carried to Newgate, and while he was on his way, the news of his capture spread like wildfire. A large mob followed, jeering at the gaolers, and cheering Jack to the echo.

The warders in Newgate were determined to prevent another escape and adopted new tactics. At any time, day or night, there were always two warders locked in the same cell as Jack.

Hundreds of visitors came to view the remarkable man who laughed at prison bars, and Jack saw that they had their money's worth.

Literally. Before he would converse with them he charged his visitors a fee, but to those who paid it, the entertainment was well worth while. He would talk with the greatest humour about his exploits, keeping his patrons in roars of laughter. When they asked him if he was going to escape again, he would grin, put his finger on his lips, and waggle his head ludicrously.

He became the fashion. Several members of the nobility came and made friends with him. One, Sir James Thornhill, insisted on painting his portrait.

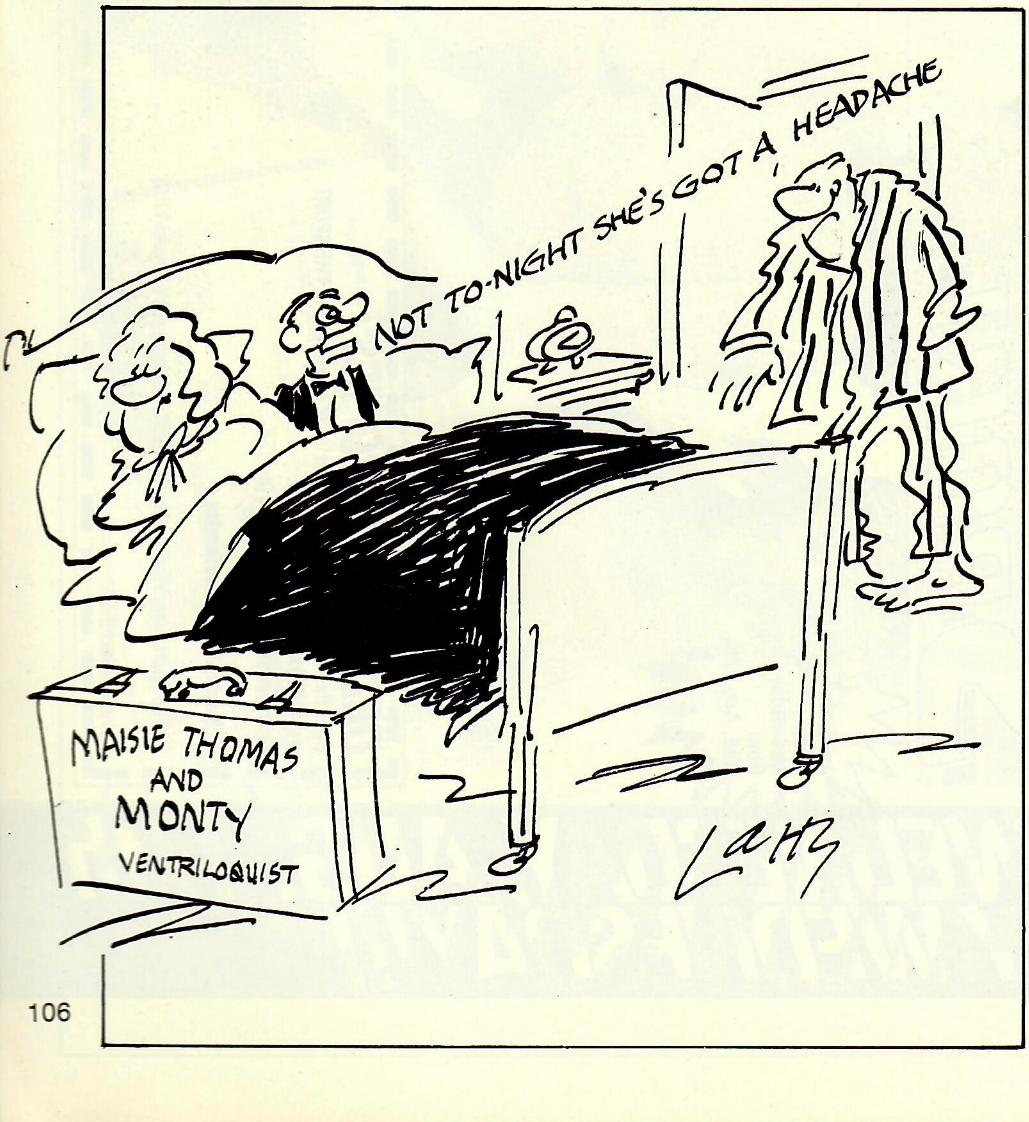
His popularity with the nobility gave Jack hope that a pardon might be forthcoming, but this was soon dashed. On November 10, 1724 he appeared before Mr Justice Powis, and evidence was led that he was the same man who had already been sentenced to death. The judge thereupon made an order for his execution six days later.

Jack still had hopes of escape. True, there were always two warders in the cell with him, but he could speak to visitors, occasionally whisper something unheard by his guards, and he had plenty of money.

Immediately after the court sentence he was visited by a very tall woman. He gave her much money, explaining to the warders that she was his sister. He also whispered to her a great deal.

The next day she was back, but this time only stayed a few minutes.

On the day of execution Jack was visited by the hangman, who was nervous and suspicious. Despite the fact that the condemned man was searched night and morning by his warders, the hangman insited on making his own search. He found, concealed in the sleeve of the shirt, a small knife. Jack made a movement as though to struggle when it was found; then, realising the uselessness of such action, he shrugged his shoulders.


NOT TO-NIGHT SHE'S GOT A HEADACHE
MAISIE THOMAS AND MONTY VENTRILOQUIST

The hangman asked: 'Why did you want the knife? To commit suicide?'

'Not me!' said Jack indignantly. 'My idea was to cut the rope at the critical moment, and jump into the crowd. I doubt if you'd have caught me again!'

The hangman nodded. With the condemned man's popularity so high, the plan would have succeeded. He said: 'Well, that was your last hope.'

'Not quite my last,' said Jack.

He thought he was talking cryptically, but he was wrong. The executioner divined exactly what he meant. All London, by this time, had heard of the arrangements put in hand by Betty Lion, and paid for by the prisoner's money.

The idea was that as soon as Jack was hanged, Betty, as his 'sister' would claim the body, carry it off to a surgeon, and attempt to revive him. This plan seemed feasible, because a month previously a hanged man had recovered after prompt medical treatment.

But the authorities had laid their own plans.

Two hundred thousand people, an enormous and sympathetic crowd, came to see the last performance of Jack-the-Lad Shepherd. He didn't disappoint them. He bowed and smiled and waved his handcuffed hands at them, and now and again shouted out jokes for their entertainment.

So pleased and enthusiastic was the crowd, an attempt to rescue Jack would certainly have been made, had this been a normal hanging. But this one had been treated as a special occasion; grouped round the gallows, surrounding the prisoner, and keeping the mob back, was a regiment of troops.

Jack stood on a cart beneath the gallows. As the hangman placed the noose around his neck, he waved a last farewell to his admirers. The horses were whipped, they plunged forward with the cart, and Jack's slight and twitching body dangled from the end of the rope. The crowd watched in silence.

After the short statutory period had passed, the body was cut down. At once Betty Lion called, 'I claim the body of my brother!'

'You can claim nothing,' shouted the hangman. 'This felon had no sister!'

An ugly murmur ran through the crowd. The officer in charge of the troops gave the order 'Fix bayonets!' But still the mob surged forward. In a moment, a pitched battle was in full sway.

It surged this way and that, but the discipline of the soliders eventually began to tell. Squad by squad they began charging sections of the crowd, driving them back bit by bit.

Whatever life may have remained in the body of Jack Shepherd was rapidly failing. After half an hour any attempt at resuscitation was obviously hopeless. Nevertheless the battle continued for two hours before the mob finally broke and streamed away in panic.

Last to go were the girls of Drury Lane, forgetting their personal rivalries and quarrels, grouped around the massive figure of Betty Lion, and all weeping over the departure for ever of their hero.

Diana

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Take a closer look at Diana Corrie's pert, upturned nose, her mane of light brown hair, her slim, shapely figure. Plenty of people do, and not for the most obvious reason. 'With anyone over 40, it's "Weren't you that little girl in *The Railway Children*?"' laughs this 20-year-old 34-23-34 drama student from the West.

'People closer to my own age say, "Didn't you do that sexy shower scene in *An American Werewolf in London?*" I have to explain that no, I'm not Jenny Agutter, who I think is a marvellous actress, but thanks for the attention anyway! I hope I get as much when I start going to auditions.' Of course you will, Diana.

continued from page 26

the wrist, when Francoise's familiar foreign tones come unexpectedly from the tangle of raven hair nestled into the carpet: 'You can fuck me now if you like, no?'

I could weigh it up for half a second or so, but no, I don't have the time. As she speaks Francoise pushes her delicious bum invitingly up into the air. Her legs part slightly. Her silky cleft is waiting, pouting. 'Put it in!' she says. 'Please, oh please . . .'

Her slender buttocks quiver as I ease them further apart. I hold her thighs and slide slowly into her soft tunnel.

Inside, she is tight and hot as a dream. Her passage grips me and sends chills racing through me. I thank heaven silently for little. Then I thank heaven again for sending me this bonus of the tightest pussy that it has ever been my pleasure to disturb.

Francoise's grip tightens frantically. There is a delicious squelching sound as she squeezes me, over and over again.

'Don't move!' she cries, and, rising on all fours, starts to push herself backward and forward, up and down the length of my shaft. Then she thrusts herself back at me suddenly, driving me in to the very hilt.

I draw back until my very tip is teasing her lips. I leave it there for a tantalising moment, feeling it twitch against her throbbing flesh.

I nudge just the glans in and out of her until her fingers are digging into the carpet wildly like they will soon be through the ceiling of the apartment below. Then I slide it home, ramming my entire length as deep as it will go.

Locked together, we lose ourselves in the mounting rhythm that has the coffee table across the room spilling magazines like coins from a slot machine on the jackpot. Neighbours start to bang on the walls. We ride hard and long to a stunning climax.

With the final strokes she is screaming. I feel myself coming and explode deep in this French beauty.

In the tube station half a mile east there is momentary confusion as the walls shake with the unmistakeable force of an approaching train; TV sets in a two miles radius break down as their aerials are torn loose in the strength of our orgasm; the seismograph in the British Museum several miles south records a freak quake registering eight on the Richter scale; gale warnings are mistakenly issued to 23 trawlers off the coast of Grimsby. Francoise shrieks, 'I'm coming! I'm coming! Mon dieu! Oh, oh!'

She should do my PR for me, this girl, I'd have appointments from now till forever. The silent type, I say nothing; breathless, I just gasp.

'Ah, mon dieu! Mon dieu!' Francoise moans as her twitching panting body begins finally to calm, her ecstacy to subside to the level of merely unbelievable.

I withdraw wearily and we collapse on the carpet. There is just the sound of our breathing and a scattering of distant applause from the surrounding flats.

Francoise rolls onto her side and I watch the lazy rise and fall of her slim body against the carpet. Her breathing grows steadily deeper, her eyes are closed, there is a light smile on her lips.

I get up reluctantly and start to dress whilst Francoise sleeps, rubbing her tanned body sensually into the carpet. I let myself quietly out the flat as Francoise stretches contentedly in her sleep like a cat in the sun.

In the lift I lean exhausted against the wall. A perfect delivery, and I am the happiest Pratzo Pizza delivery boy you will ever see.

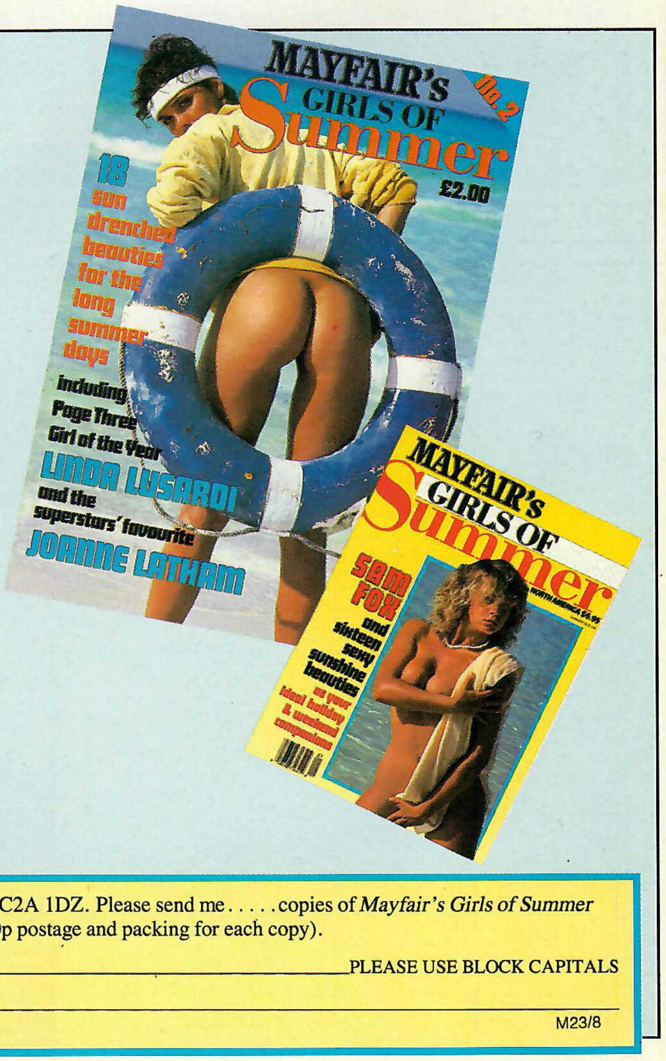
I dwell on tonight's most delectable shafting. Visions of myself and the adorable Francoise on some perfect South Sea Isle: endless sex, orgasm after orgasm — see the palm trees shake! Tidal waves are set in motion, coconuts desiccate themselves spontaneously at the sight of us. I have discovered Heaven in Highgate, and I have the sorest cock to say it's true.

It is only when I reach the trusty Honda Tragedy that it comes to me in a blinding flash. In all the furore and frenzy, the frantic antics of our friskiest fuck on the living room floor, I had somehow let it pass. The girl had never paid me for the pizza!

Glancing up, I see the third floor apartment dark and silent. Too late now, I can tell.

So, it is a saddened delivery boy that takes his Tragedy slowly out into the dusty London traffic. Another lession learned the hard way in the Pratzo book of life. Such a beautiful woman, too. Who would have thought it?

The things some people will do for a free pizza . . .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LETTERS

continued from page 10

virgin. After moving into her hard, and gripping onto her thighs as if my life depended on it, I came all too soon and slumped onto the carpet.

But help was at hand in the shapely form of Anna who gave me head beautifully and very expertly. I was soon stiff again and she slipped another johnnie on and straddled me. While she began rising up and down Gail moved behind her and took Anna's blouse off. I was always filled with admiration whenever I saw Anna's boobs.

I reached up to fondle them and Anna moaned and started to move quicker but my attention was drawn to Gail who was now taking her own bra off and was about to give me my first glimpse of her tits.

I wasn't let down. Although not as big as her sister, Gail has got the cutest and most pert pair I've ever seen. However, I think Anna sensed I was a bit pre-occupied and started to really grind down onto me. After a very short period of this, we both reached very noisy climaxes.

At one point, she got so loud that Gail, giggling like mad, had to cup her hand over her sister's mouth. We went to bed shortly after, the three of us lying next to each other, with Anna in the middle having her whole body stroked by me and Gail.

For about two hours, they told me stories about their growing up. These stories proved what I said earlier, that the British aren't backward in coming forward.

Gail finally got us worked up again after telling us of the time her PT instructor at school had tried to seduce her when she was 17. She said she ended up naked in the girls' changing room with this middle-aged man's finger poised between her legs, but she wouldn't tell us what happened next! Anna called her a 'cow' for being a tease and I decided she should be taught a lesson. With Anna's help, I positioned Gail on the bed and (with aid of yet another condom) took her from behind again — any old excuse!

In the morning, the girls started packing, and we said really sad goodbyes. I've kept in touch by letter though, and Anna is coming for a weekend next March. Gail is coming down next weekend. So it looks like the best of both worlds!

JE, Cardiff

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

No schidt?

As as student in America several years ago, I was temporarily employed by a large shipping concern. Part of my duties included supervision of postal services and I became, therefore, the recipient of a large amount of mail from all over the world. Here is a verbatim copy of one such missive.

Dear Sir,

Der last two schipments of rice we get from you on der schip vas mit mice schidt mixt. Der rice vas gut but der mice durds schpoils der trade. Ve did not see der mice schidt in der sample which you sent us. It takes too much time to picks der mice durds from der rice. Our Herr Vogel woh had der tasks vas given to much attacks uf the bluddenfukkit dammundblast.

We like you to schip us der rice in vun sack and der mice schidt in another den ve mix to soot der customer. Please write if we should schip back der schidt and keep der rice, or schip back der rice, or schip back der whole schiten works.

Ve vant to do ride in dis matter, budt ve do not like dis mice schidt business.

RH, Holywood, Ireland

Turkish delight

Thank you for the enjoyment your magazine has given us over the years. Perhaps you can make use of this snap we took in Turkey last year.

D and WS, East Grinstead

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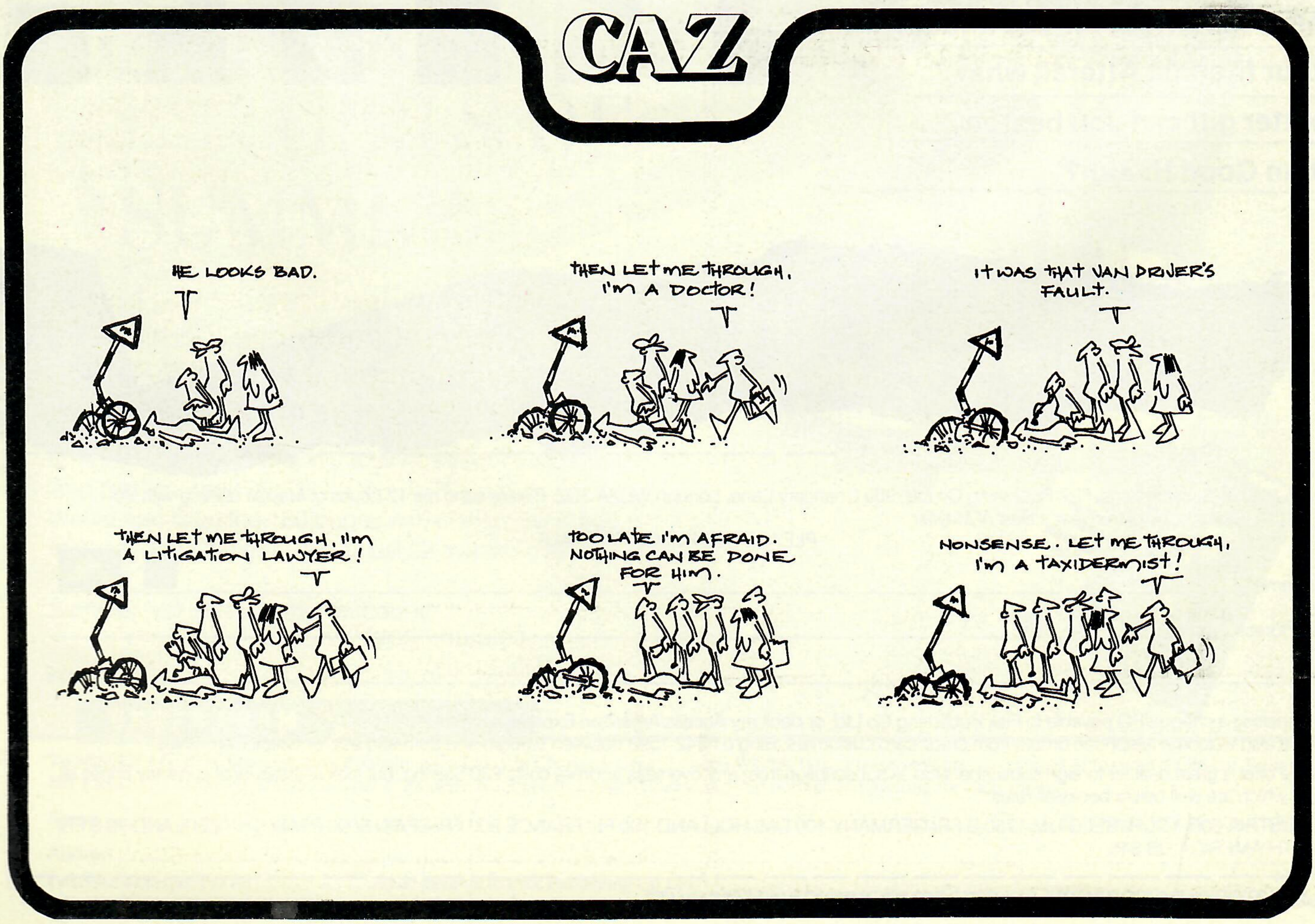
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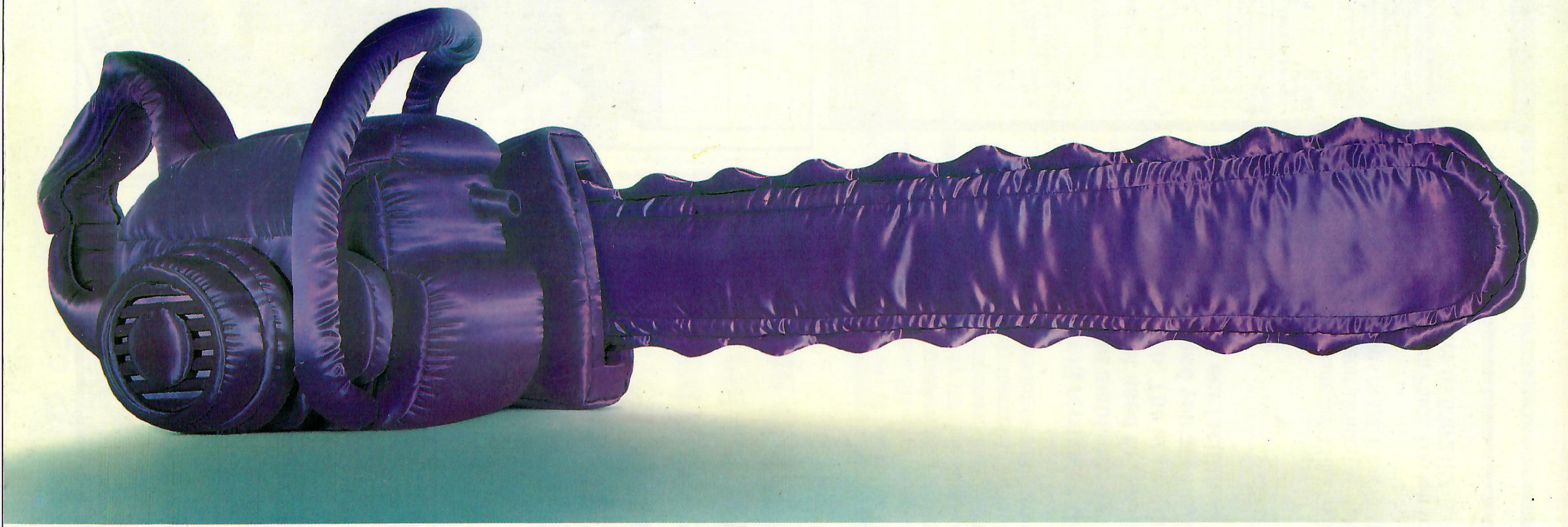

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